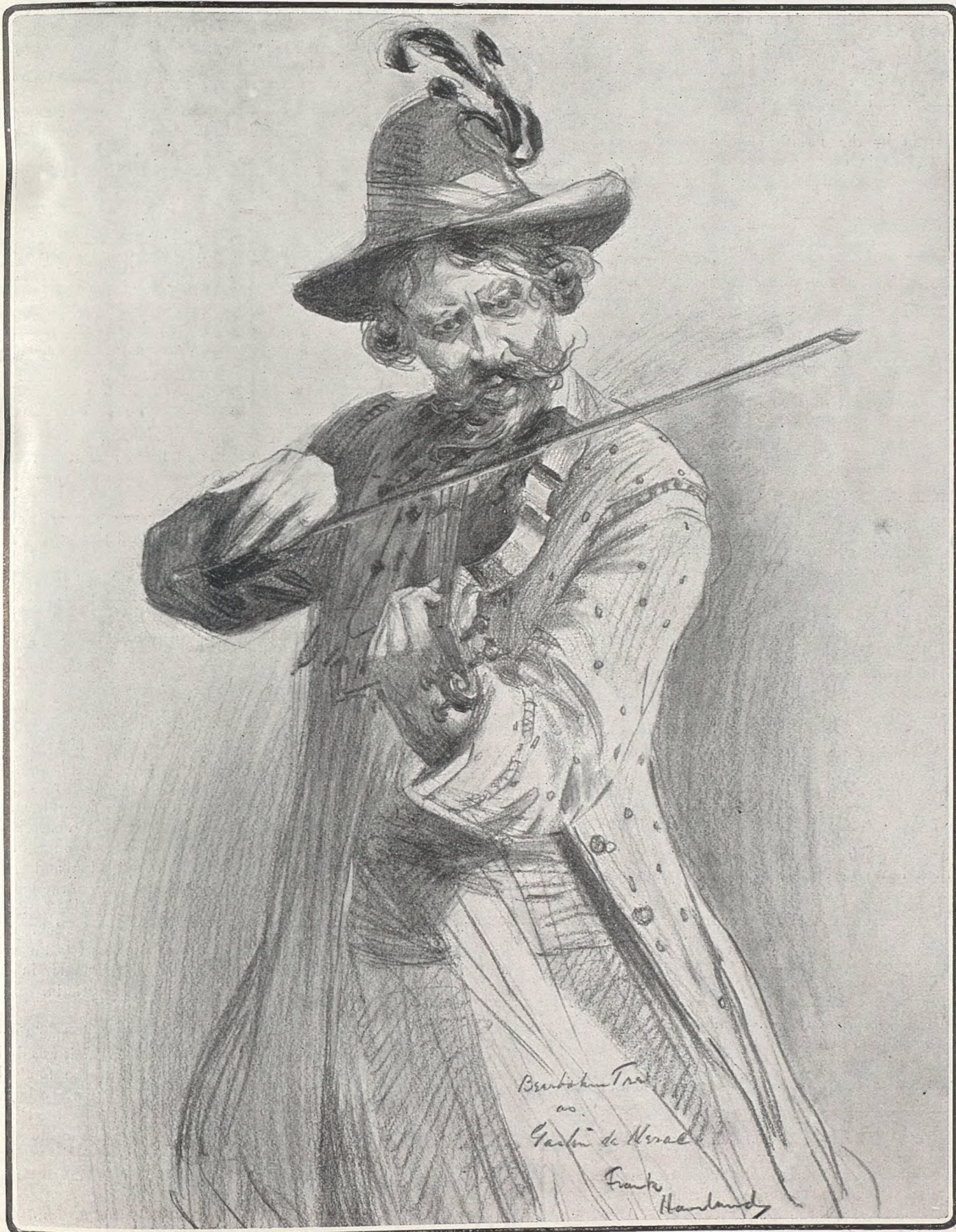


The Sketch

No. 784.—Vol. LXI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1908.

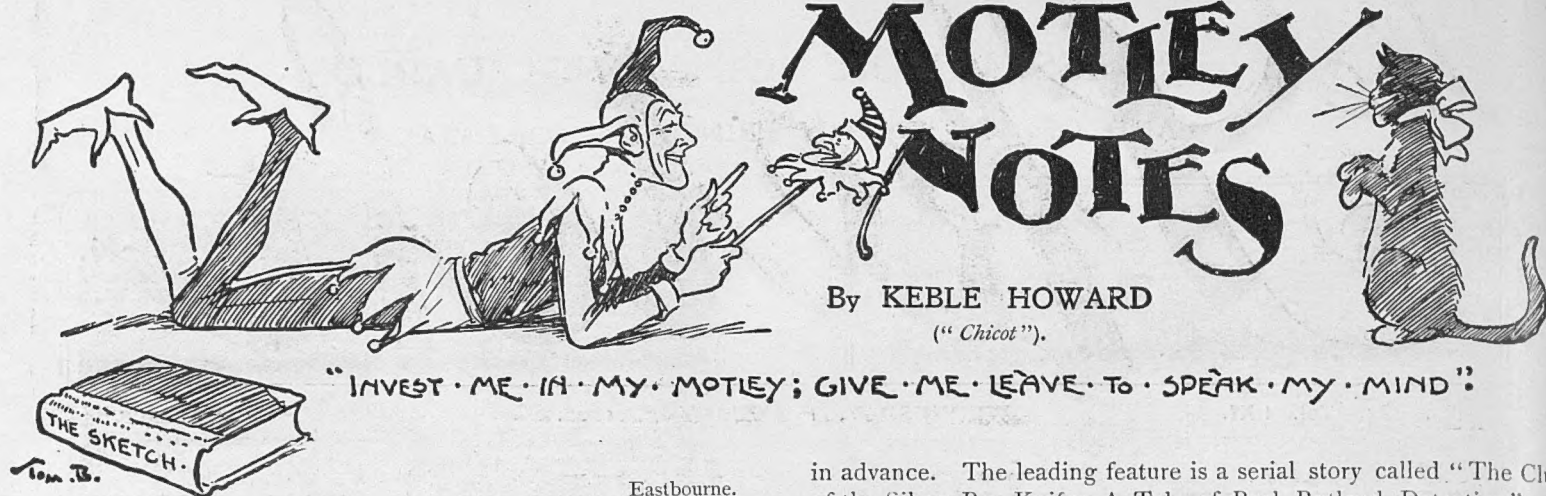
SIXPENCE.



"THE BELOVED VAGABOND," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MR. TREE AS GASTON DE NERAC (PARAGOT).

Mr. W. J. Locke's stage version of his own novel, "The Beloved Vagabond," was due for production at His Majesty's yesterday (Tuesday). It will be remembered that the play was first presented in Dublin last year. Mr. Tree is, of course, the Paragot; whilst Miss Evelyn Millard plays Joanna Rushworth.

DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND.



Tom B.
Welcome, Little
February!

Eastbourne.
I am always rather glad when January is over, even though the sun shines all day long—as it has done, and is still doing here. January and October are the least romantic months of the year. Their faults are manifold, and their virtues merely negative. February is a popular month. For one thing, he is such a little chap: people who are paid by the month cherish a very tender regard for February. Once in every four years, too, he has a love-story or “feminine interest” in his composition. March is amusing, because he always tries to frighten us, and we always beat him in the end. April is a shy, sweet little maid, half smiles, half tears, and intensely lovable in any mood. She is pretty, too, in her dainty, fragile way. May’s prettiness is far more definite than April’s. May is exceedingly pretty, and you have to admit it whenever she crosses your path. We all pay homage to the beauty of May, men and women alike. June is the radiantly happy month of the year, when the roses are in bloom, and the fields are fresh and green, and the air is balmy. June is my favourite month, and has my birthday in his keeping. July and August are the flaming months of the holiday-maker; they will be popular till the end of time. September is tinged with an exquisite sadness. November is full of jolly fogs and fireworks, and December is sanctified by Christmas.

Bucking up the
Wedding.

Whilst the theatre, happily enough, tends to become less and less “theatrical,” one notes with regret that many discarded stage-tricks are being kept alive in private life. Here is a paragraph from one of my daily papers: “The bride is to be preceded by a little girl daintily dressed in white silk and lace, who will bear a white satin cushion, upon which the bride is to kneel during the ceremony. Her dress is of white silk, flounced and trimmed with old Irish lace, and the ordinary church hassock, as many a bride can tell, is not always the best and cleanest thing to kneel upon when a lady is in white silk.” The excuse, besides being somewhat insulting to the vicar, the churchwardens, the vergers, and the cleaners, is also unconvincing. One would have thought that the bridegroom’s pocket-handkerchief would have been large enough to cover any ordinary hassock, and this would have been a simple way of keeping pantomime effects out of a solemn and very beautiful ceremony. Of course, if New York is to set the fashion in matters of taste, I have no more to say. By all means let the bride be carried up the aisle in a sedan-chair, lest the dusty matting should soil her shoes; and let there be a page standing by with soap and hot water to wash the parson’s hands before he touches the ring.

A New
Magazine.

All sorts of youthful memories are recalled as I turn over the pages of the very latest magazine, sent to me by a friend of the Editor. The Editor is eleven years of age, it seems, and he is his own sub-editor, art-editor, and staff. Printer he has none, for the publication is reproduced solely by the aid of a pen, thus lending to every copy a personal, not to say an autographic, interest. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, one cannot claim that the charge of one halfpenny per week is excessive. Our Proprietor-Editor has evidently studied very closely the up-to-date methods of booming a new journal, for his magazine is full of such exhortations to the reader as “Our New Serial: Start To-day,” and “If You Like This Story, Buy Next Week’s Copy and Don’t Forget to Tell Your Friends About It.” The feature entitled “Your Editor’s Chat” is full of commercial sparkle, from the opening sentence, “How do you do—eh, what?” to a very pressing request that intending subscribers will order their copies

in advance. The leading feature is a serial story called “The Clue of the Silver Pen-Knife: A Tale of Paul Rutland, Detective,” and begins in this way: “Count Devon walked briskly down Regent Street towards Paul Rutland’s private office, muttering to himself as he did so, ‘It is incredible: I won’t stand it.’”

The Cleverness of
“Paul Rutland.”

It would be obviously unfair to quote at length from this thrilling instalment, but, just to give you some small idea of the astuteness of Paul Rutland, I may mention that he picked up the silver penknife and looked at it sharply. “One glance at the knife and the detective knew it was a new one and had not been in use very long. He then stepped towards his office to dismiss his secretary, and get home to dinner, as he was very hungry.” A smart piece of work like that would justify a splendid dinner. Then we have a series, each story complete, of course, in itself, entitled “The Adventures of Three Chums.” These chums, I gather, “were homeless and hungry, and were trying to get a birth aboard a steamer.” This seems an odd ambition, not to say improvident. The “Football Chat” will prove rather too technical, I fear, for all readers. For instance: “Again Walker ran up and shot, but Montgomery saved, but Jones put it over the line and scored. Presently Burk got the ball and rushed it down the wing, and put in a shot, but Chapman saved and threw it to the left wing; but Allen got it, and lifted a shot just under the bar.” All the same, there is a fine swing about the style that leaves the expert reader breathless. I shall be interested to see whether this new journalistic light becomes a writer, an editor, or an advertisement-manager. I recommend the last-named.

My Own First
Journal.

My own first journal, produced at a rather more mature age, was naturally rather more elaborate. I was at a private boarding-school at the time, and thus had a ready-made public sitting, so to speak, on the steps of the office. I went about the production of the journal with no little cunning—far more cunning, indeed, than I seem able to bring to bear upon anything I attempt nowadays. I began by taking the headmaster into partnership, which flattered him and secured his fairly valuable co-operation. Next, I obtained his permission to call the magazine after the name of the school, thus lending to it an entirely spurious air of official importance. In order to guarantee expenses, I arranged with my partner that the price of the magazine (three pence) should be included in the “extras” on each boy’s bill. So much achieved, I borrowed from my partner—you will note that I made very good use of him—a bottle of blue ink and a horrible mixture in a flat pan called gelatin. Then I wrote the greater part of the magazine, including some comments on the football team which were destined to cause a tremendous sensation. My sub-editor, whose chief recommendation in my eyes was the clearness of his handwriting, made a fair copy of all the matter in the blue ink, and we printed off the first issue on the gelatin.

The Indignation
Meeting.

I was also very busy, at the same time, with some amateur theatricals, and it was during my absence at rehearsal that the football team organised an indignation meeting, calling upon every boy in the school to sign a manifesto which the Captain fixed to the notice-board. There were about a dozen points in this manifesto, which set forth that a magazine bearing the name of the school and brought out under the patronage of the headmaster should be written intelligently by an intelligent person, should be conducted impartially, and so forth. I agreed with every item, and added my signature to those already upon the paper, bidding my sub-editor do likewise. The following term we went into real print, and my comments on the cricket team were simply horrid.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KING CARLOS I., AND OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.



THE QUEEN-MOTHER OF PORTUGAL, WHO SOUGHT TO DRIVE BACK THE ASSASSINS AND HAD A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.



THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL, WHO WAS SHOT FATALLY IN THE HEAD, AND DIED IN A FEW MINUTES.



THE LATE KING CARLOS I., WHO WAS SHOT FATALLY IN THE HEAD AND BODY.



KING MANUEL II., WHO HAS BEEN PROCLAIMED KING OF PORTUGAL IN SUCCESSION TO HIS FATHER.

The late King was born in 1833, and ascended the throne in 1889. Until recently, at all events, he evinced no particular desire to be a strong King, preferring to live as far as possible the life of a country gentleman. With a considerable love of outdoor sport he combined a love of art, and was himself an able user of the brush. Queen Amélie is a daughter of the Comte de Paris, and is two years younger than was her husband. The late Crown Prince would have been twenty-one next March. His brother, who has been proclaimed King of Portugal under the title of Manuel II., is just over eighteen, and so, according to the Portuguese Constitution, of age. The fact that the new monarch is a Manuel is regarded as an excellent sign for the future, for the first Manuel (1495-1521) was one of Portugal's greatest rulers. Next in succession to the young King is his uncle, the Duke of Oporto. After the Duke comes Dom Miguel, of Braganza, the Portuguese pretender, who at the time of the assassination was in Italy, on a visit to the Duchess of Parma.—[Photographs by Camacho.]

PEOPLE WHOSE NAMES ARE ON THE PUBLIC TONGUE.



WIFE OF THE NEW ULSTER KING-OF-ARMS: LADY BEATRIX WILKINSON, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Lady Beatrix is the elder daughter of Lord Pembroke. She was born in 1878, and her marriage to Captain Wilkinson took place in 1903. Captain and Lady Beatrix Wilkinson have lived at Mount Merrion, Dublin, for some years.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



SEÑORITA DELGADO, OF MALAGA, WHO WAS MARRIED RECENTLY WITH MUCH CEREMONY TO THE RAJA OF KAPURTHALA.

Photograph by Langflier.



IN PEER'S ROBES: MR. JAMES THORNE ROE DE MORLEY, WHO CLAIMS TO BE LORD DE MORLEY, AS HE APPEARED IN BARON'S ROBES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AT THE RECENT OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



APPOINTED ULSTER KING-OF-ARMS IN PLACE OF SIR ARTHUR VICARS: CAPTAIN NEVILLE RODWELL WILKINSON.

Captain Wilkinson was born in 1869, entered the Coldstreams in 1890, obtained his Captaincy in 1899, and retired from the service last year. He designs and etches book-plates and other things of a heraldic nature.

Photograph by Langflier.

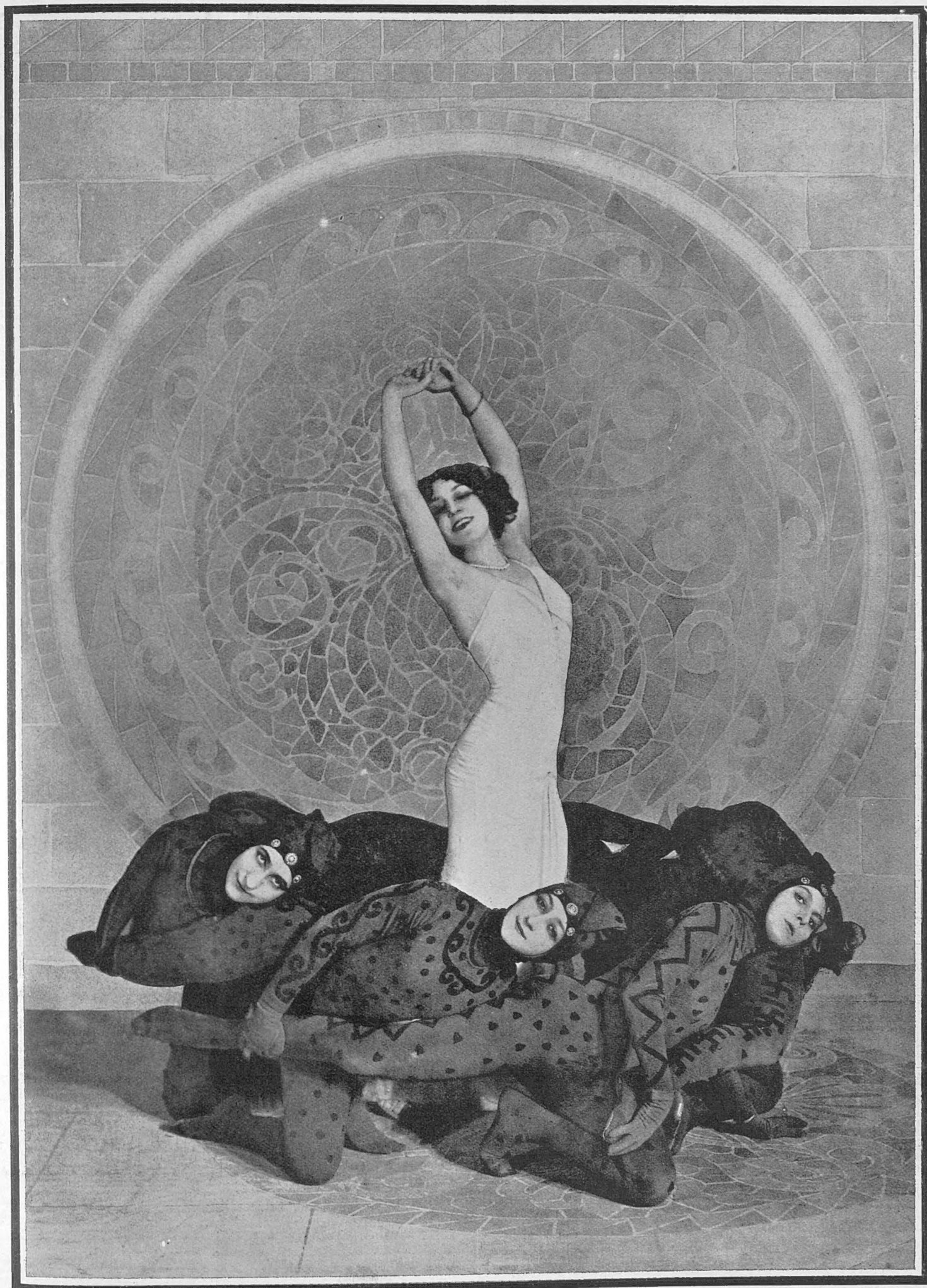


H.H. JAGATJIT SINGH BAHADUR, RAJA-I-RAJGAN OF KAPURTHALA, WHO HAS MARRIED SEÑORITA DELGADO, OF MALAGA.

Photograph by Langflier.

Mr. James Thorne Roe de Morley claims the barony of de Morley, and was the centre of an "incident" on the occasion of the Opening of Parliament last week. Clad in Peer's robes, he entered the House of Lords and took a seat, only to be requested to leave. The de Morley barony was created in 1299, and has been in abeyance since the seventeenth century. Says "Debrett," "It is claimed and has been assumed since 1898 by James Thorne (Parker) Roe de Morley, son of the late Freeman Roe, 'plumber,' 'proprietor of houses,' and 'hydraulic engineer,' by Susan, daughter of Timothy Thorne, of Westminster; born (at 70, Strand) February 17, 1844; assumed by deed poll, 1900, the additional surname of de Morley; married (at Battersea Baptist Chapel), 1866 (being then 'manager of flock mills'), Emily Martha, daughter of William Henry Passmore, poor-rate collector, of Southfields, Wandsworth." The claimant has stated that he traced his pedigree to the Parkers with the aid of a ghostly genealogist. There was a break in the line, and he could not mend it. Then, in a vision, he saw a figure which said to him, "It is not Francis. It is not Gregory. It is John Parker." So he set to work, and discovered a John Parker, and a son of John Parker, from whom he traces his descent.

A LINKED RING OF DANCERS.



A REMARKABLE TABLEAU FROM "IPHIGÉNIE EN AULIDE."

"Iphigénie en Aulide," recently produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, was performed for the first time 133 years ago. For the present occasion the ballet has been specially arranged. Mlle. Regina Badet is the chief dancer, and appears as a bacchante. Assisting her are dancers in dark tights, who suggest figures from Attic vases. Our photograph shows Mlle. Badet in the midst of a linked ring of these dancers.

Photograph by Boyer.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. TREE.

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FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"LA BONNE À RIEN FAIRE."

By J. Monnier and
A. de Fouquières.

"THE LITTLE JAP."

By P. Franck and
E. Mathé.
La Scala.

We were told on the programme that the main idea of "La Bonne à Rien Faire" came out of a story by Guy de Maupassant. So we were prepared for a high moral lesson. We got it. Madame la Comtesse has a husband. There is also The Other Man, who is the brother of her dearest friend. But the Countess is a Parisienne, and therefore delightfully illogical. She, you will understand, may visit her dressmaker (?) from three to six; she may go and buy a pair of gloves at her glove-maker's (?) from three to six; she may go and see her mother (?!?) from three to six; she may perform all kinds of social duties (????!?) from three to six; she may, in a word, do whatever she likes from three to six or at any other time. And M. le Comte her husband may say nothing. For if he ventures a remark the fair but fragile Countess will reply, "Qu'est-ce que vous voulez que je vous dise, moi?" and as the one wish of the poor man is that she should say nothing, there is nothing for it but grim silence on his part. And that, you see, is just where it is. His silence is by no means as grim as the Countess his wife thinks it ought to be. It has china-blue eyes, a thick mop of golden corn-coloured hair, and a dainty little dimple in its cheek, has M. le Comte's resignation. And this outrage on her dignity makes Mme. la Comtesse feel sure that life will not be worth the living until M. le Comte has handed in his resignation in another form. You see what I mean, dear lady, don't you? As long as the three-to-sixiness was all on her own side, Mme. la Comtesse was quite happy. But when she learned that M. le Comte was three-to-sixing on his own she sent for legal help. The lawyer hummed and hawed. He explained to the Countess that Counts would be Counts and that there might be some difficulty in getting a modern jury to look upon his misbehaviour as sufficiently flagrant for a divorce as long as he kept it off

possible," she said. "And if the girl can be induced to use goo-goo scent, so much the better." To a lady of your perspicacity, Madame the Reader, it is, I know, quite needless to explain that Mlle. Diane—the Count's preoccupation—was fond of that same goo-goo scent. The parlourmaid arrives. She (played by Mlle. Cassive) is known as Rose, and that is what she always did to any tempting bait. The Countess explained the position with some difficulty, but with much less difficulty than I have had in doing so. French is a beautiful language. Rose purred. "Madame will understand that there are several kinds of husbands," she explained. "This is my twenty-eighth divorce case, and I have never failed to give entire satisfaction." "To the angry wife?" inquired the Countess. "To both the parties," answered Rose demurely. And she purred again. (May I be allowed a personal note here. Few things in a long and misspent life have ever given me more exquisite pleasure than explaining the plot of this wicked little play to the very pretty wife of another man. But fans ought to be made larger.) The Countess put her pride in her pocket, kissed the Count on his bald spot, and said she was going out. She then sent a message to the other fellow, asking him to be sure and call at five o'clock. And Rose began to lay the table. It worried M. le Comte a little. The striking resemblance of the pretty parlour-maid to his resignation, the same scent, and the wicked little if-you-lay-a-finger-on-me-I-shall-scream-but-screaming-doesn't-mean-I'm-angry look in Rose's china-blue eye were too much for the small man's equanimity. And in about five minutes, which is about an hour in stage time, the Count was gurgling soft nothings into Rose's shell-like ear, and she was protesting with soft little rose-leaf pats when the curtain dropped. But, of course, there was another act. M. le Comte went to the front door in a hurry, admitted The Other Man, and explained that he was really very much engaged just then. Then the Countess arrived, and a very voice from the other room called for Coco-Chéri. This is not a drink, and The Other Man—who thought, no doubt, that the Countess wanted to consult him about a new frock—went to inquire. The result was not a divorce—at least, not in the accepted sense. But M. le Comte had a narrow escape.

"The Little Jap" was not taken from a story by Guy de Maupassant. It is not that kind of play at all. It is the story of a little Jap lady whose little Jap husband goes to Paris, and returns in one of those very French suits of clothes that are marked up "Very Select" in the windows of shops calling themselves Fashionable House, Thé Sport, Migh Life Taylor, and other absolutely English names. Mr. Jap is quite French now, and he has brought Mrs. Jap all sorts of Parisian costumes. She puts them on, and feels and looks exceedingly uncomfortable in them. Mr. Jap also realises that he was happier in a kimono, and both these little people change their clothes and re-become the jolly Japs of the days before the war. There must have been a moral in this somewhere, but I think it got lost in some of the songs. I couldn't find it, anyway.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE THIEF" AT HOME: M. HENRI BERNSTEIN AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT NEAR MONTE CARLO.

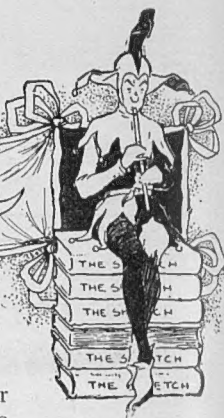
Photograph by Tresca.



MME. SIMONE (FORMERLY MME. SIMONE LE BARGY), WHO IS PLAYING ANNE MARIE BRACHART IN HENRI BERNSTEIN'S "SAMSON," AT THE RENAISSANCE.

Photograph by H. Manuel.

the premises. Of course if he failed to do that, the lawyer explained, the divorce would be granted at once. "Then he must fail to do it," said the Countess, who was a lady of determination and resource. And she sent for the head of a registry office and showed him a photograph which she had found in an inside pocket of M. le Comte's waistcoat. "I want a parlour-maid as much like this as



THE CLUBMAN

OUIDA AS A "PUNCH" ARTIST—OUIDA'S GUARDSMEN—LEVER'S SOLDIERS—THE GUARDSMAN OF TO-DAY.

NO-ONE seems to remember that Ouida was once a contributor to *Punch*. She sent the gentleman of the hump and the long nose a drawing which was published in facsimile. It was a protest against the dog-box in which the author's pet collie had to travel on one of the English railways, and it showed the respective sizes of the dog and the box. Only a fortnight ago I happened to sleep in a room on a wall of which was the original pencil drawing. Mr. Shirley Brooks, who was the editor to whom Ouida sent her drawing, thought it a curiosity of sufficient importance to frame, and his brilliant but too short-lived son left it to its present possessor. There is plenty of dash about the little drawing, but it is quite innocent of perspective.

Ouida disliked Americans, probably because more Americans than people of any other nationality tried to break down the bar she had placed between herself and the outer world. Once, to the author's blunt assertion that she hated Americans, a bright American lady replied that they were the only people who now read her nasty books, and Ouida, amused at receiving a verbal buffet as good as she had given, unbent and made friends.

It would be interesting to know who were the models for the Guardsmen who were the heroes of Ouida's books. When she wrote of those lean, sinewy athletes who drank nothing but champagne, and never seemed to have to do any of the ordinary work of a soldier in peacetime, but dashed from making fierce love to leading a charge, the author with the wonderful hair and hands and meteor through the world of London Society, and she must have come across some man, or some men, who she imagined led the strange, reckless, intemperate life which she made all her heroes lead. The officers of the Household Cavalry in the 'sixties and the early 'seventies were not the same keen soldiers that the majority of them now are; but they were not the gallant lunatics pictured by Ouida.

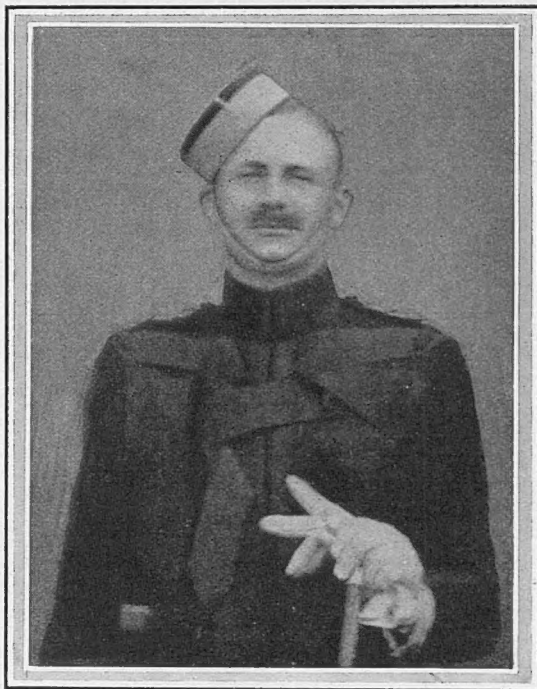
Some day a soldier-author may write an interesting book and trace the real characteristics of the British officer through the centuries. Most of us get our ideas from the novelists.

When we talk of the young officer of Peninsular days Charles O'Malley comes at once to the memory; but I do not for a moment believe that the officers of the finest British Army that ever took the field got drunk whenever an opportunity occurred and were not ashamed to appear before ladies when in their cups.

That our Army swore terribly in Flanders is the characteristic best remembered of Marlborough's days; and when Sheridan, or any of the other authors of the days of powder and pigtailed, put a soldier into their plays he was either an engaging scamp or a drunken old reprobate. Thackeray knew that there were quiet, steady-going soldiers in all periods of English history, but he is one of the very few authors who have recognised the fact that the ordinary man who did his duty conscientiously could be interesting to the novel-reading public.

Most of the novelists who write of soldiers to-day are ladies, and a lady's hero generally saves a wounded drummer-boy or clasps the colours of his regiment to his breast as he dies in the moment of victory. One of the great charms of the most successful military comedy of our days, "The Second in Command," was that the hero, as Mr. Maude played him, was just a commonplace good fellow, and that Mr. Allan Aynesworth's Colonel did not consider it necessary to talk in a gruff, jerky voice, and that the author did not oblige him to begin most sentences with "Damme, Sir." Soldiers and the relatives of officers—which means half the gentry of Great Britain and Ireland—were a little surprised, and then quite pleased, to see on the stage people whom they could recognise as being like the officers who were their own flesh and blood.

Mr. Kipling has drawn us the immortal Soldiers Three, but those splendid fellows were, from the regimental point of view, troublesome members of their corps, and they are no more types of the quiet and well-behaved young men of good character who pass through the ranks to-day, and then go, as a rule, into some trade, than Lever's duel-fighting, claret-drinking, steeple-chase-riding Jack Hinton is like the typical Guardsman of to-day.



THE MYSTERIOUS FIFTH LANCERS AFFAIR:
CAPTAIN E. B. WILSON.

Captain E. B. Wilson was one of the five officers of the Fifth Lancers placed on half-pay in November last, and his case and that of the other officers is causing much interest. Captain Wilson, who retains his appointment as Superintendent of Gymnasia, has been known as "Flash Wilson" since he was an Eton boy, and the nickname was given to him in allusion to his bodily alertness. He is a very fine rider and a keen soldier. He is to bring his case before Parliament.—[Photograph by Gale and Polden.]

feet was passing like a Society, and she must

the gentry of Great Britain and Ireland—were a little surprised, and then quite pleased, to see on the stage people whom they



FOR DOLLAR KINGS ONLY: THE MILLIONAIRES' CLUB RAILWAY-CAR.

A number of American millionaires, who live at a distance from New York, recently banded together and formed a car club. Each pays a hundred dollars above the ordinary season-ticket rate, and as a result may use the elaborate car illustrated, which runs between the suburb in which the millionaires have their houses and New York.

A BIG GUN IN HIS PROFESSION.



MR. MALCOLM SCOTT (BROTHER OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT) AS WIDOW TWANKEY
IN "ALADDIN," AT THE ADELPHI.

As we have noted, Mr. Malcolm Scott is a brother of Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, the famous gunnery expert. He has had a most adventurous life, and was many things before he became the popular comedian he is.—[Photographs by Ellis and Walery.]



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"CUPID AND COMMONSENSE"—"HER FATHER"—"THE EDUCATION OF ELIZABETH."

IN Mr. Arnold Bennett the Stage Society has found a new dramatist of considerable ability, and perhaps of great courage.

There is a "perhaps," because it may be that the curious unconventionality of his play is due to inexperience. I think not. I believe it to be the result of a conscious adoption of a theory little favoured till now in England—the "slice of life" theory, which it is needless to expound at the moment. The practical result of the theory is that in "Cupid and Commonsense" we had a set of incidents that were not exactly coherent: there was really no plot, and at the end of each act little ground for guessing what was going to happen in the next. A play on such lines would be merely exasperating unless the author showed real gifts for drawing character and writing dialogue. Fortunately, Mr. Bennett is really gifted. He has presented in a vivid, lifelike fashion a curious set of people, whose dialogue at times is quite amusing and always finely indicative of character. These people, with one exception—a very unconvincing American girl—come from the Potteries, not the detestable district in Notting Hill—perhaps improved by now—but the five towns in the Midlands from which the crockery comes; and Mr. Bennett has drawn them unsparingly, exhibiting very ably the influence of hard work, of a greed for money, and of stern religion. Alice Boothroyd, heroine of the play, is a very fine picture of a kind of stunted womanhood—a fairly intelligent, handsome girl in whom seem to lie latent possibilities of fierce emotion; yet we see her tranquilly accepting the offer of marriage of a man for whom she hardly even feels warm affection, and then falling in love tepidly with another young man and hesitating whether to break off the engagement on his account, but abandoning him without a struggle. Finally, we find her, six years later, living peacefully in dull happiness with a husband whom she has never really loved. Miss Lucy Wilson expressed all this very finely, and by her quiet, sincere performance made a good impression upon the audience. The strongly drawn figure of her harsh father was represented very vividly by Mr. Fisher White. The young man for whom she nearly broke off her engagement was cleverly acted by Mr. Walter Pearce, both when he appeared at first as a wistful, unhappy youth, and afterwards as rather a boisterous cad, a change due to prosperity and extravagant admiration by his wife. Miss Mary Brough had the chief humorous character, and played it cleverly, delighting the audience by her shrewd, dry humour.

What a change from reality in the Potteries to unreality at the Haymarket, from an original English play to an adaptation which presents a set of puppet characters that, so far as they are human, are a cross between the French and the Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Michael Morton, no doubt, had a difficult task in turning a French play of

bourgeois life into an English piece set in an aristocratic society which he may or may not have had ample opportunities of studying at first hand; moreover, the sentiment of paternity, on which the original is founded, has rarely served well on our stage. Still, something a little wittier and more tactful should have been produced, and he ought to have offered a less violently improbable conclusion. Much may be forgiven for the sake of Miss Marie Löhr, who represented Irene Forster. How we should like to watch her in a well-drawn human character, seeing how delightful is her performance in an artificial piece like "Her Father." The young lady's acting is quite remarkably skilful, and her personal charm commands every-

body. Mr. Bourchier's idea of fatherly deportment seems curious. I fancy that a person unacquainted with the facts of the piece would have taken him to be a middle-aged man-about-town making love, without strictly honourable intentions, to a pretty girl, and thought his work vastly clever. It should be added that the part is very difficult, because it is inconceivable that the feelings he is supposed to depict should exist to an intense degree in the bosom of a member of the "what-shall-we-do-to-night?" brigade, or that a man-of-the-world should be as tactless and stupid as Lord Claremont. It is only fair to add that in some respects his performance was quite clever. Miss Henrietta Watson presented the ill-used mother excellently, and Mr. Cyril Keightley played agreeably as the successful sweetheart. There was some rather clever humour in Miss Angela Vanbrugh's work as a person only comprehensible when you know that in the original she was *une de ces dames*.



ACTRESS AGAIN FOR A DAY: MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD IN "MRS. VAN VECHTEN'S DIVORCE DANCE."

The play, "Mrs. Van Vechten's Divorce Dance," was given in the ball-room of the Plaza Hotel, New York, a few days ago, and in it Mrs. George Jay Gould made a semi-public reappearance as an actress. It will be remembered that Mrs. Gould was known formerly as Miss Edith Kingdon. She scored a great success, and her elaborate gown caused quite a flutter among the feminine portion of the audience. The play is to be presented later on by Miss Grace Ellison, formerly leading lady in "The Lion and the Mouse."

Photograph supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.

The good points of "The Education of Elizabeth" have prevailed over the weak, and the extremely clever acting of Miss Florence Lloyd, ably assisted by Mr. H. V. Esmond.

Mr. G. D. Burnaby, and Miss Maude Millett, is carrying the little play to a success to which nobody will take objection. Indeed, having regard to the fact that the author has had the courage and wisdom to improve his comedy by making radical changes, it is very agreeable to see that it is holding its own in a season remarkably trying to drama. Miss Aimée de Burgh, on the transfer to the Apollo Theatre last week, took up the part of Elizabeth, and played it with skill, intelligence, and sympathy. Another new member of the cast, Mr. F. Pope Stamper, did what could be done with the difficult character of Harry Fairfax—difficult because the young man has to behave with an unexplained unreasonableness, and is otherwise rather a colourless person. Mr. Roy Horniman, the author, has also provided a curtain-raiser, in which Mr. Burnaby and Miss Lettice Fairfax represent a young husband and a wife, about to go for a short walk, who repeatedly find causes for delay and are continually on the verge of a quarrel. It is a simple little thing, but there is wit in it; and it could hardly be better acted.

ONE OF THE MOST TOASTED BEAUTIES OF SPAIN.



SEÑORITA TORTOLA VALENCIA, THE WELL-KNOWN SPANISH DANCER, WHO IS TO COME TO ENGLAND.

Señorita Tortola Valencia was born in Seville just nineteen years ago. At the age of fifteen she ran away from the convent in which she was being educated, and joined a travelling theatrical company. She is now one of the most toasted beauties and one of the most admired dancers of Spain, and she has just completed a very successful professional tour of the world.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

SMALL TALK



MAJOR CHARLES VAUGHAN, NEPHEW
OF FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN,
Who is to Marry Miss Florence Lister-Kaye.

Photograph by Thomson.

either at the Jesuit Church at Farm Street or in Westminster Cathedral.

Sir W. S. Robson. Sir W. S. Robson, the new Attorney-General, is one of the most brilliant debaters in the House. At the Bar he got together an enormous practice, especially in patent cases, but it was supposed that his ambitions were political rather than purely legal. As a private member he achieved the rare distinction of getting through a Bill of his own—one for raising the school age of half-timers. In the South African War he refused to follow "C.B.," and became a Liberal "imp," as the Liberal Imperialists were called. Promotion from Solicitor-General to Attorney-General means a change from £6000 to £7000 a year, and a good deal more in fees; but still it is a question whether Sir W. Robson is not really losing money all the time.

"Mr. Solicitor."

Mr. S. T. Evans, who succeeds Sir William Robson as Solicitor-General—and will in due course become Sir Samuel, for the English law officers of the Crown always receive the accolade—is a genial Welshman who is very popular at the Bar. He is not yet fifty, and although he has had to wear his wig so often that it has had a prejudicial effect on his hair, he by no means looks his years. With his jolly, rubicund countenance, it is no wonder that he inspires general confidence and has amassed a large practice—indeed, it is quite likely that he will lose money by accepting office, for his official salary is only £6000, together with certain fees, which probably do not in an ordinary way come to more than about £4000. The future Lady Evans is a delightful American, Miss Blanche Rule, of Cincinnati. The new Solicitor-General, by the way, has the curious distinction of

being the last Queen's Counsel to be nominated by her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

The Swooning Mushroom.

Everybody is pelting the rat—may they continue so to do as long as a rat remains to be pelted. The present writer has never loved the breed since the night when a waiter in an hotel in which he was dining carried one of the vermin under his serviette, mauled and bleeding, straight from the trap which had been set under the writer's seat. But though we hate him, we ought, in fairness to the rat, not to exaggerate his faults.

The late Sir E. M. Grant Duff recorded a brilliant example of imagination stimulated by the thought of this sufficiently destructive rodent. Mrs. St. Loe Strachey had had a neat, nice mushroom-bed constructed, and went upon a day to see how the mushrooms grew. Never a mushroom was there to see. How was this? she asked her gardener. "Well, they were doing very nicely, Ma'am, until a great rat came, and that terrified them," was the bland, unblushing answer.

A Military Hostess. Mrs. Charles Standish Paulet is not only the wife of that gallant soldier who is heir-presumptive to the Marquess of Winchester, but she is the daughter of a popular officer, for she was before her marriage, which took place in 1901, Miss Lilian Fosbery, daughter of Major W. T. E. Fosbery, of Warwick. Mrs. Paulet is the proud mother of a little son and heir, who will in all human probability live to take his place in the Twentieth Century House of Lords.

A Versatile Author.

Lady Bell, whose amusing little play, "Time is Money," is being performed this week in aid of the Victoria Home for Invalid Children,

Margate, is one of the most versatile women in Society. In addition to writing novels and plays, she is a considerable hostess, and last year she surprised her friends by publishing a remarkable book, entitled "At the Works," in which she attempted and succeeded in performing the difficult task of showing what sort of life is led by the ironworkers in Middlesbrough, the town from whence her husband, Sir Hugh Bell, derives his large fortune. Lady Bell is the daughter of a famous Anglo-French physician, Sir Joseph Olliffe, who flourished in the Second Empire. She therefore knows French as well as English, and has written plays in French.



MISS FLORENCE LISTER-KAYE, NIECE
OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,
Who is to Marry Major Charles Vaughan.

Photograph by Thomson.



THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL:
SIR W. S. ROBSON.

Photograph by Beresford.



A VERSATILE TITLED AUTHOR:
LADY BELL.

Photograph by Beresford.

A MILITARY HOSTESS:
MRS. CHARLES STANDISH PAULET.

Photograph by Langflier.

A PALACE BUILT BY A POSTMAN: A HOUSE OF ODD STONES

THE MOST FANTASTIC BUILDING ON EARTH.



1. THE PALACE, FROM THE NORTH.

2. THE PALACE, FROM THE SOUTH.

3. THE FRONT OF THE POSTMAN'S IDEAL PALACE, AT HAUTERIVE, FRANCE.

4. THE PALACE, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

5. THE PALACE, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

The extraordinary building illustrated was erected by Ferdinand Cheval, a French postman, and every stone that it contains was collected by him during his daily round. The place took twenty-six years to construct, and, in addition to the stones, called for the use of some 3500 bags of cement. In the centre of the palace, Cheval has built his own tomb.—[Photographs (except No. 3) by Ulyett.]



AN ARISTOCRATIC POOR LAW GUARDIAN:
THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

but, as a matter of fact, a good deal of his time has been spent in important Staff billets. Thus, he was General French's right-hand man in some of the worst fighting in the South African War, from which he derived much honour and glory and decoration.

A Duchess Poor Law Guardian.

The Duchess of Somerset will represent the Poor Law Guardians of Mere at the Central Poor Law Conference, which is to be held in London next month. Her Grace is perhaps the most accomplished wearer of the strawberry-leaves; her charming book of travel, "Impressions of a Tenderfoot," is still eagerly read by those about to follow in her footsteps in Canada and in America. She is also a composer, and she paints well. Of late years the Duchess has taken a very active interest in the condition of the working classes, and she takes her duties as guardian very seriously.

An Important Son and Heir.

The birth of a son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Gordon has aroused great pleasure in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, as also in Dublin, where the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and his energetic spouse are being congratulated on their first Gordon grandson. Mrs. Dudley Gordon was before her marriage last April Miss Cecile Drummond, the daughter of a member of the well-known banking family. Her wedding was one of the prettiest early spring functions, and the bride carried as only nosegay a handful of heather gathered at Haddo.



MRS. DUDLEY GORDON, WHO GAVE BIRTH TO
A SON AND HEIR THE OTHER DAY.

Photograph by Thomson.

CROWNS: CORONETS: & COURTIER

THE KING was to have conferred an exceptional honour on the 1st Life Guards last Sunday, when he was to have dined with Colonel Bingham and the other officers. Colonel Bingham is a younger brother of Lord Lucan, and has always taken his profession very seriously. Starting in the 3rd Hussars, he gained the "1st Life" through the "2nd Life";

be remembered that she and her husband were the hosts of the Colonial Premiers last year on the eve of the opening of the Conference. Both these memorable functions took place at 12, Belgrave Square, which the young couple bought about a year ago from the Dowager Lady Beauchamp.

Peeress and Lace-Lover.

Lady Suffolk, who is



HOSTESS AT THE PRIME MINISTER'S
OFFICIAL RECEPTION: LADY BEAUCHAMP.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

among the most energetic, as well as among the most beautiful, of Anglo-American Peeresses, has made herself very popular in the neighbourhood of Charlton Towers by the vigorous efforts she has made to revive the beautiful old art of Malmesbury lace-making. She has started classes in the neighbourhood, and has engaged a number of expert lace-makers to give lessons to the girls of the district. The Dowager Lady Suffolk gave her American daughter-in-law on her marriage some very fine examples of the lace in question, and these have been generously lent by the younger lady to those who will, if they persevere, end by making a good living out of what used to be the staple industry of that part of England. Lady Suffolk, it is scarcely necessary to recall, was a younger sister of the late Lady Curzon, whom she resembles in appearance and disposition.

The Lord Chamberlain.

There is something incongruous in the thought that so high and mighty a personage as the Lord Chamberlain should be known as "Bobby" to his friends. This, however, is true of Lord Althorp, still

affectionately remembered in the House of Commons as Mr. "Bobby" Spencer. In those days he was noted for his

exceptional taste in dress; indeed, he was by a long way the most dandified of Parliamentary Whips, and he had those greatest of all Whip qualities, a charming tact and invariable good-humour. Lord Althorp still looks a young man to be the father of a grown-up, débutante daughter; but he is a most devoted parent, and though Miss Spencer will be chaperoned in an official sense by her aunt, Lady Kenmare, the Lord Chamberlain will doubtless do his full duty in the matter of attendance at all the principal fashionable functions, where his eldest child will be a welcome guest.



LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND DANDY:
LORD ALTHORP.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey

PEERESS AND LACE-LOVER: LADY SUFFOLK.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

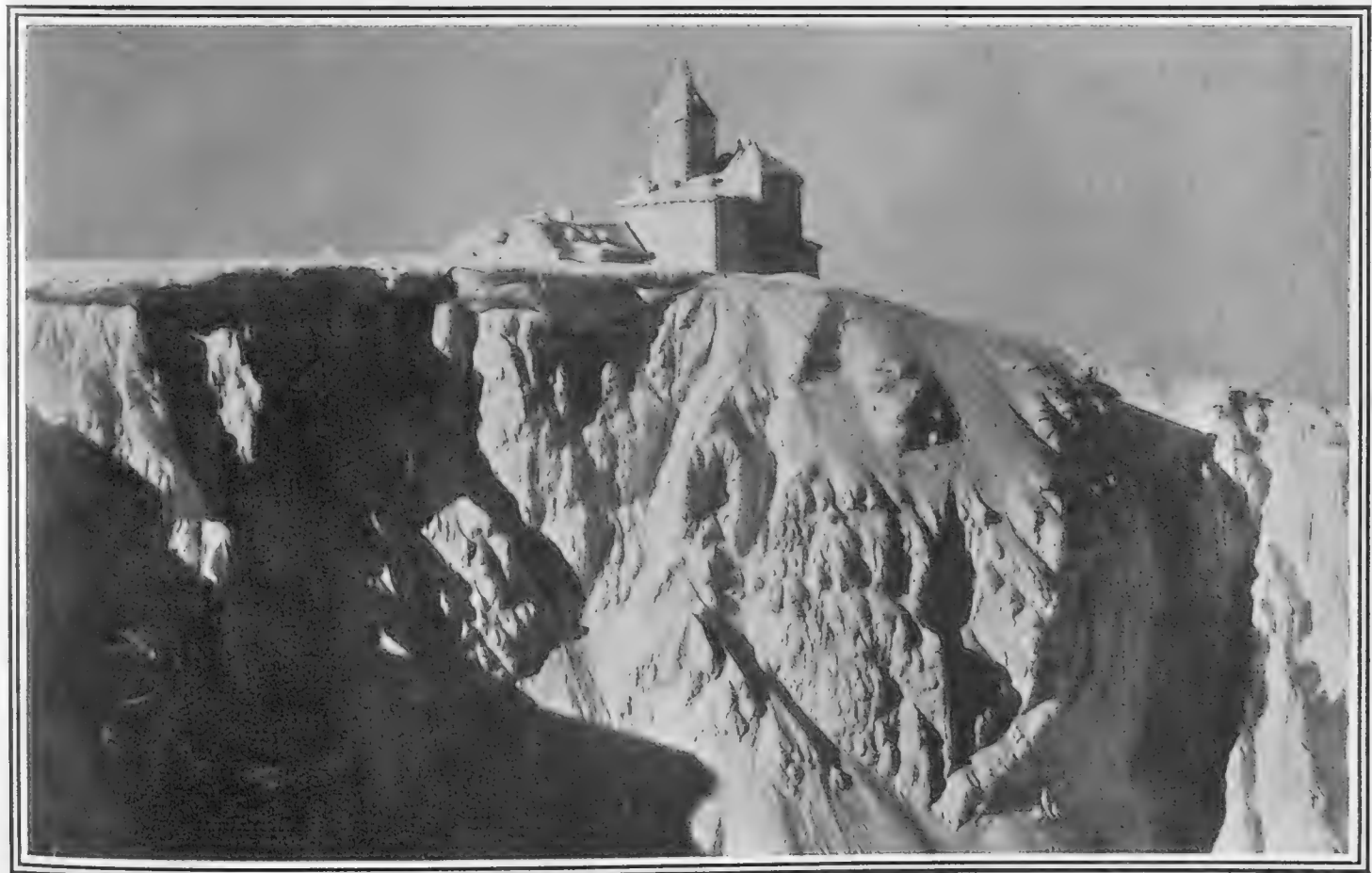
Lady Beauchamp.

Lady Beauchamp, who had the honour of giving the official reception on behalf of the Prime Minister on the eve of the opening of Parliament, has mind as well as beauty in her charming face. It is not the first time she has taken the lead in official entertaining, for it will

✦ ✦ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✦ ✦



"I AM NOT GOING TO HURT YOU": A MONKEY (WITH A REMARKABLY HUMAN EXPRESSION) IN THE DENTIST'S HANDS.
The photograph was taken on the premises of the New York Zoological Society.
Photograph by G. G. Bain.



A WEIRD PHOTOGRAPH OF DESOLATION: A LITTLE SNOW HOUSE ON LAVA-LIKE SNOW ON THE RIESENGBIRGE.
In the photograph, at all events, the snow house seems to stand on the top of a stream of lava, rather than upon snow. The Riesengebirge is a great centre for tobogganing, skating, ski-ing, and so on.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Hills that Move.

It need not surprise if we hear the unemployed who are to be engaged in repairing the Alexandra Palace, quoting the Psalmist and asking, "Why hop ye so, ye high hills; ye little hills, that ye skip like lambs?" For the little hills and larger hills at the Palace have a habit of trotting about such as no self-respecting hills should cultivate. It all results from the character of their foundations. The hills are of gravel; their foundations rest upon a bed of soapy clay. Now, when the rain gets down to the clay, the superincumbent burden is apt to slither and slide. When the Palace was a-building, these hills behaved outrageously. The builder's foreman complained to the authorities that "these 'ills is slipping about like anything." And they were. One night, three or four acres made a moonlight flit, and another hill picked itself up and advanced three inches to the front in the course of a few hours. Luckily, the Palace itself is securely moored, or we should find the whole building making tracks for the City.

Married in Haste.

If anything could make marriageable young ladies careful the stories of bigamy with which the police-courts are ringing should succeed. But there is always a minority who will marry for the fun of the thing, in pretty much the spirit of the American girl undergraduate who proposed the other day to a policeman. Not any more cautious than her sisters was a very handsome girl of lowly station who married a man of her own rank, then left him to go a sea voyage with a family whom she had previously served. The ship was wrecked. As she was one of the very few rescued, and as her saviour happened to be a dashing young officer, of course he fell in love, and they married at the first port which they reached. In course of time they returned to England, where he inherited a fine estate, died, and left everything to her. Some time later her maid announced that she was going to get married, and the pretty widow desired to see her beau. The man appeared, and lo! it was her own first husband. She popped upstairs, donned a shawl, and reappeared to ask if he knew the garment. "Why, it's the shawl I gave my first wife on our wedding-day," he said. Then she told him who she was; told her maid that she could not have him, and reclaimed her "husband." Naturally, Nemesis followed. He proved a brute, and not a day's peace did she have until he had drunk himself

into his grave. But all things being equal, she would have done the same thing a second time with a heart feather-light.

In Death Divided. The stories which Mr. Seton Gordon has been telling of the strength of eagles, which, he says, pull off big branches of trees to make their eyries, bring to mind the old problem as to whether eagles really carry off children. A case of the sort was reported a couple of years ago in Scotland, it will be remembered. Be the facts what they may upon this point, the Highlanders, who better than anybody else in this land

know the character of the bird, credit it with great strength and courage. They have a terrific legend in Ross-shire, which Mr. Gribble in his volume accepts as by no means incredible. A roe buck, upon whose back an eagle swooped, rushed back to the wood from which it had emerged to feed, and sought to rid itself of its assailant by dashing against the trees. The first contact nearly swept the eagle from its hold. As attacker and attacked reached the next tree, the eagle, while clinging with one of its claws to the back of the buck, gripped the tree with the other. So great, however, were the speed and impetus of the stampeding roe, and so firm the hold of the eagle, that the latter was split up and torn clean asunder, one half remaining firmly fixed to the buck while the other continued to hold on to the tree.



1. SAWING THE ICE ON A LAKE INTO BLOCKS.

2. THE ICE BEING TAKEN INTO THE STORAGE SHEDS ON AN ENDLESS BELT.

CUTTING AWAY THE "GROUND" BENEATH THEIR FEET, AND AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF ICE.

Our photographs show the harvesting of the ice on a lake near Berlin.—[Photographs supplied by the Topical Press.]

The Counter-Stroke.

Everyone is glad that the threatened strike in the North has been averted.

There is always danger when association is pitted against association, instead of master meeting man as they used. But even that was not without its tragic possibilities. One of the most dramatic of these episodes was that in which the third Marquess of Londonderry was the central figure. His men at the colliery went out on strike, and, as he was determined as they, the prospect was a gloomy one. The men had a mass meeting near the pit, and the old Marquess rode thither to scold them. He knew their temper, and he took a company of soldiers with him, but hid them in a valley. He talked and the men talked, and mutual good feeling brought an immediate understanding. Had trouble arisen, it was his intention to wave his hand to summon the soldiery. The men knew it. The miner who held the Marquess's horse had a pistol up his sleeve with which to blow out the brains of the nobleman the moment he attempted to beckon.

The Wiles of Wily Willy.



I.—WILY WILLY PASSES THE NIGHT IN SECURING A RECORD OF THE SONG OF TETRAZZINI'S RIVAL,
THE NIGHTINGALE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MANY congratulations have been received by Mr. Harcourt Williams and Miss Jean Sterling-Mackinlay on their engagement,

and many expressions of goodwill have been heard in the Green-Room for the future happiness of these two capable members of the profession, whose great ability the wide circle of London playgoers will certainly recognise in the future, for the excellence of the work they have already done is everywhere admitted to hold the greatest promise for their inclusion among the popular favourites. Miss Sterling-Mackinlay, who, as most people know, is a daughter of the late Mme. Antoinette Sterling, has inherited much of her mother's magnetic temperament, which she displayed, chiefly in the provinces, in "Mice and Men"

and in "Sunday," as well as in Miss Irene Vanbrugh's part in "His House in Order," which she first understudied and had the opportunity of playing at the St. James's Theatre before she acted it on tour. Her fiancé is one of the ideal younger heroes of the romantic drama. He made a magnificent success as Romeo in Manchester—a part in which he was seen in one of the suburbs a short time after. He also played in Mr. Bourchier's production of "The Merchant of Venice," and was for some time Mr. H. B. Irving's leading man, acting Paolo in "Paolo and Francesca" in America, Christian in "The Bells," Courriol in "The Lyons Mail," Moray in "Charles I.," and Tristan in "King René's Daughter." He also played Valentine in "You Never Can Tell" at the Savoy, when it opened under the Vedrenne-Barker management. At present he is acting Orlando in the fine production of "As You Like It" which has just been made at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester.

Motoring is a pastime in which, as everyone knows, most actresses rejoice. None of them, however, has probably ever had such a motoring experience as fell last September to Miss Meredith Meredro, who is one of the successes of the Drury Lane pantomime. She was the prima-donna in "The Stunning Grenadiers," in which she was acting at Salt Lake City. A few days before Labour Day she received a telegram from the manager of the Fiat Auto Company asking her if she would ride in their motor-car in some races which were to be held in Denver on that public holiday. Denver is Miss Meredro's native city,

and as the company was to open there that night, the advantage of her association with the enterprise was obvious. She accepted the invitation. The manager of the company got to hear of the matter, and tried everything in his power to dissuade her from taking part in the races. Miss Meredro, however, had set her mind on it, and, being partly Scotch by descent, she stuck to her determination with such grim tenacity that the manager saw it was useless to attempt to carry his point and desisted. Accordingly, on the day, Miss Meredro took her place in the car and started in a race which has become historic in the annals of the motor world. Her own recollection of the event is, however, limited, for before the race had been very long in progress she had

fainted dead away. Before the race was half over two of the motors, going at a tremendous speed, burst their tyres, and three of the most prominent men of Denver were killed. Over the rest of the picture it is well to draw a veil. The result is that Miss Meredro's proclivities for 60-h.p. racers have been greatly curbed and her desire for speed has been so much diminished that she is quite content with taximeter motor cabs in London, or preferably the antiquated four-wheeler, which travels at a minimum speed and price.

Mr. Edwin Milton Royle, the author of "A White Man," is probably different from every other American dramatist of repute in the fact that he has been a student at a British University. For a year, after he had graduated in America, he was at the University of Edinburgh. On his return home he had stage fever, and, unknown to his friends, he went on the boards. Then he wrote a play called "Friends," in which the late E. J. Henley, the actor-brother of W. E. Henley, was to have acted. When he was unable to take up the part Mr. Royle played it, and astonished everyone who did not know of his previous experience by making a great success. After that he and his wife, an actress well known as Miss Selina Fetter, starred in it; but Mr. Royle has now entirely given up acting for writing. His other plays include "Captain Impudence," "One Plus One Equal Three," "My Wife's Husbands" (now called "Marrying Mary"), "Cleo," and "The Struggle Everlasting," a modern morality play, in which symbolism is treated realistically; in addition to many one-act plays.



THE LATEST THEATRICAL ENGAGEMENT: MR. E. HARCOURT WILLIAMS AND MISS JEAN STERLING-MACKINLAY, WHOSE BETROTHAL IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Mackinlay is a daughter of the late Mme. Antoinette Sterling, and first appeared on the stage under Mr. F. R. Benson in 1901. Mr. Harcourt Williams also made his first appearance with Mr. Benson. This was in 1897.

Photographs by Lizzie Caswall Smith



PLAYING MISS ISABEL JAY'S PART IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: MISS ELSIE SPAIN.

But a short time ago Miss Spain was an amateur; now she has been engaged for three years by Mr. Curzon, and is at present playing Miss Isabel Jay's part in "Miss Hook of Holland." Miss Spain had her voice trained at the Guildhall School of Music, and made her first appearance on the stage in "Rip Van Winkle" when it was produced by the Stock Exchange Operatic Society last spring. For some years she has sung at

At Homes, concerts, banquets, and so on.

Photograph by J. Herbert Wilson.

WHY WASTE TIME — AND SOUP ?



THE VISITOR: And how is Pat this morning?

MRS. PATRICK O'GRADY: Sure, yer Honour, it's still alive he is.

THE VISITOR: Did you give him the soup I sent?

MRS. PATRICK O'GRADY: Well, no, Sir. Father Phelan said it would only be after delayin' him.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ALTHOUGH Ouida was not famous till the 'sixties, and not extravagant till the 'seventies, she did not think it too late to cut a figure of romance. The 'forties in Paris had seen every wild contrivance of costume, and every interesting outrage upon the bourgeoisie had been made in France thirty years before the Englishwoman drove through Florence in splendid red, collected stilettos, and buried her dogs under blood-coloured porphyry. It was Baudelaire, I think, who kept an exquisitely sharpened dagger, hilted in gold and ivory, always near him, that he might avoid all unseemliness if death threatened him in ugly manner. Ouida's stilettos had gone their ways: her romanticism was dead long before the 25th of January, 1908.

Among the true talents of Ouida's pen is its admirable sense of place. One of her best passages is in a fugitive short story dealing with the city of Munich. She sees the failure of the Munich of the Renaissance, the Latin Munich with its copies of Florence, and is sorry for the vanishing Teutonism which is proper to the Munich side of the Alps. She makes her contrasts well. But even her sense of place gives way before a false picturesqueness; her true observation of the Italian peasant is hidden by it. She dots her Italy—the Italy of her "Village Commune"—all over with shepherds: a pastoral landscape is more picturesque than an agricultural one, and she creates shepherds, disregarding the true people of the land, the cultivators of maize and corn, olive and vine—peasants who in some districts do not consider mutton to be human food.

Things improbable at the first glance in connection with Ouida are to be traced to her to day; amongst others the "epigram." Even the conversation of her Guardsmen, Piccadilly's sons of Mars, who crowned themselves at their glorious orgies in roses washed in red wine, would pass for wit now. Many and many a little modern author could find most of his modern inversions in the highly decorated pages of his probably unread Ouida. And Ouida will not be easily forgotten. She has been teacher, mistress, and mother of some of us. She will not be forgotten for much of her wit and many of her descriptions; perhaps, too, she will not be forgiven for the scream she sometimes made with her quill-pen, and the stiletto extravagance of her style.

Mr. Lewis Hind, after visiting Boston and Buffalo, and one or two other cities in the States, has settled for the moment in New York. American editors take kindly to Mr. Hind's articles, and Mr. Hind takes kindly to American—prices. Thanks to Mr. Hind's presence in New York, *Harper's Weekly* has had an article of his

on Francis Thompson. When Mr. Hind edited the *Academy*, Thompson wrote for it. What splendid articles were his! The editor and his assistants (Mr. E. V. Lucas and Mr. Wilfrid Whitten) used to exclaim with admiration as they read out the proofs aloud—the proofs that are usually so great a bore on the late night of going to press before the morning of publication. Mr. Hind received from various hands a good many delightful contributions to his columns, but the one he was proudest to print was an ode of Thompson's on the occasion of Cecil Rhodes' death. That was, of course, colossal.

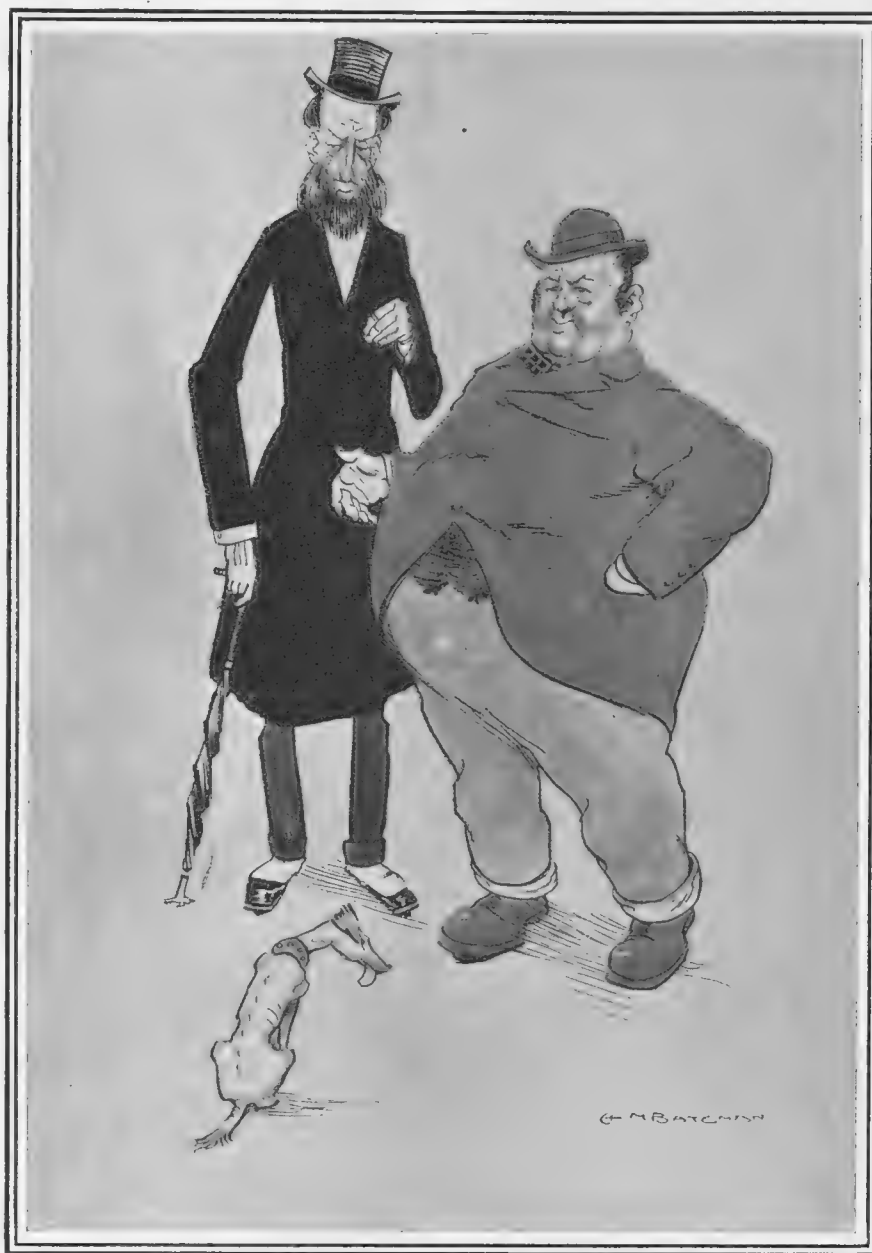
A rather disastrous account of the visit paid by Thompson to Henley at Muswell Hill gives to Mr. Hind's article the cheerfulness which attaches to the minor misfortunes of others. Thompson was an hour late in starting; he suffered from hunger on the way, and had to linger longer for a meal, so that when he arrived at his destination Henley's "unconquerable soul" was a little ruffled, and "whatever gods there be" had been invoked without being "thanked." But Thompson's dignity and graciousness soon put things right, and the talk was such that Mr. Hind regrets there was no Boswell—he who might have been so excellent a one himself. Henley used to go about repeating a thousand times to himself some lines from "Sister Songs" that haunted him; but he rejected a poem Thompson offered him for the *New Review*. The lines were too idealistic for Henley, who just then knew only one poetical password—realism.

Another volume of sea-stories from Mr. John Masefield comes with a promise of fresh and vivid things. There used to be obvious writers about obvious sailors, entirely intelligible, but not greatly interesting. And there are now subtle writers about psychological sailors, quite curious, but not intended to be entirely explicable. Mr. Masefield's seamen,

unlike either kind, have a human unexpectedness, and yet are never too hard for a plain reader. We claim acquaintance in the fo'c'sle without the sense of disadvantage which Mr. Conrad inflicts upon us at times. We are not, in reading Mr. Masefield, always wishing that we were cleverer. He is clever enough without so much strain on our part. It is only when he goes far inland, and writes of a mate in the feminine rather than the nautical sense, that what used lately to be called "preciousness" becomes somewhat too conspicuous in his style. On board ship he is virile, delicate, and real, a watcher of character and a dreamer of dreams.

I hear that Lady Warwick is at a loss for a title for her book of recollections. As she owns that it has been written because well paid for, why not give it the appropriate territorial title of "Warwick's-hire"?

M. E.



[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]

QUALITY, IF NOT QUANTITY.

S.P.C.A. MEMBER: Well, I should say the animal was starved.

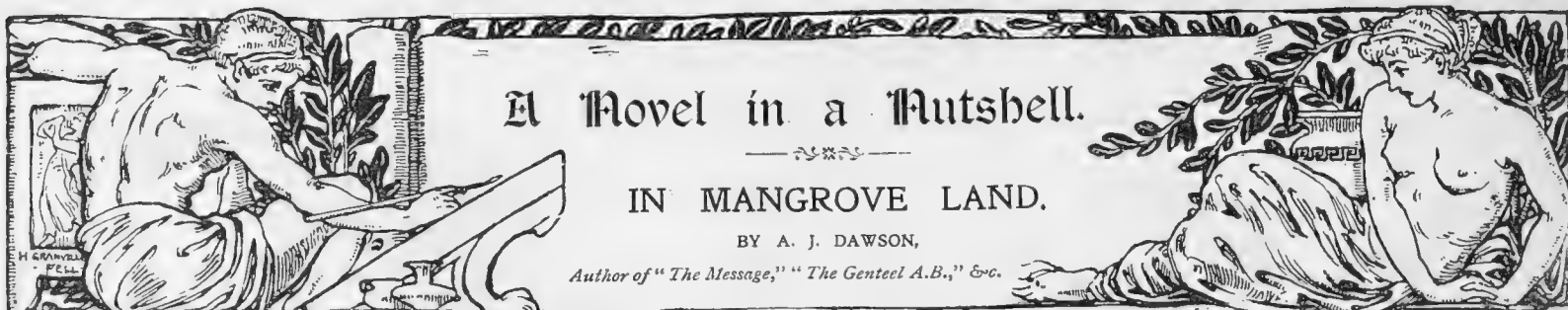
THE CORPULENT OWNER: There ain't a better fed dorg in London—why, he gets everything I leave off my own plate!

CASE - HARDENED !



THE CADDY (as the Colonel misses the ball for the sixth time): Go on, Mister. Say it. Don't mind me.
I've been in the business for three years now.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE Kroo boys were weighing anchor aboard the *Otanga*. The little steamer was making ready to quit Accra, on her crawling way up coast and homeward. In a big grey surf-boat under her lee three white men were waving and shouting their adieux to a friend of their colour who stood leaning over the steamer's quarter-rail.

"Good-bye, Doctor! I'll see you again—when you come home. Good-bye, you fellows! Good-bye!"

And the young man at the *Otanga's* rail turned slowly and walked toward the saloon companion. Quite one of the clean, sterling breed he looked, the trusty British stock upon which the Empire draws for its caretakers and foremen in the wild, outlying patches of the Imperial Estate.

"There goes a fine young man, with the fear av God in um!" exclaimed Dr. O'Hara, as the nose of his surf-boat swung round from the *Otanga's* plates toward the beach and sun-bleached Accra. "But, fear or no, I daresay he'll be turning up here again before so very long. They mostly do, ye know; though, to be sure, they don't mostly get the fear av God right into them, as Thorpe has. Sorra bit av it is there, to go no farther, among the lot o' yez left in Accra now."

The other two white men grinned languidly. The afternoon sun is a power on the Coast. It could not sap the crispness of Dr. O'Hara, for he was sun-proof, cocktail-proof, very nearly fever-proof, and entirely immune where mosquitoes were concerned.

Within fifteen minutes the three white men were sitting down to cocktails and gossip in the cane lounges of Dr. O'Hara's creeper-hung verandah.

"Dogdor," drawled Carl Hermann, the manager of Schmidt and Knupp's factory.

"Hullo, me son!" replied the Irishman cheerily, and proceeded to eye the Atlantic through a cocktail of sunset-coloured hues.

"Eggsblain sie—how have you das?—Fur vos you say ze fear of Gott stay in mein freund—vos?"

"Well, that's just what I was going to tell ye, since ye're both fond o' the boy. You probably couldn't believe the yarn if you tried, but here it is as I—"

"By Himmel, O'Hara, dot shtory vos I to beleef cannot vos neffer told; neffer, I shwear it! Many yahr I lif here on der Coast; vorhere in Java. Ant I learn to beleef. Dot I find, if noddings more."

"Ah, well, you've more sense than most, Hermann. There's queer things happen on the Coast, and that's a frozen fact. Look here! Do you believe in the transmigration of souls—the Buddhist notion, ye know, of unending life in higher or lower shapes, according to conduct in each? Do you believe in that?"

"Mein freund, vos I beleef—phwee! Dot is noddings to make. I want to hear about dot boy unt his fear of Gott—no?"

"Well, ye know what like av a boy Thorpe is—good British beef an' muscle, hey? No hysterical nonsense, no 'isms, no uncleanness of any sort; just a plain, straight sapling of a lad."

"Dod is quide so," said Hermann judiciously.

"Quite so; yes, I know; and yet, do you know, either that young man is labouring under acute dementia, or else there was a screaming lunatic in charge of Digby Farn's factory in the Oil Rivers, or else—'dad, or else there's the devil an' all av a lot in this transmigration business."

"Or berabs a little of all togezer," said Hermann. "Dere is a good deal in mosd of dose madders vos influence der lives of millions of volk. Also—it is bossible enough dot Digby Farn haf lunatic agents, unt dot our freund dot mania haf, too; *nicht wahr?*"

"Go ahead, O'Hara; let's hear about Thorpe."

"Well, you remember that, four or five months ago, the boy left here for the Rivers to take the assistant's place in Digby Farn's factory there? The name of the man in charge o' that branch was Stenitz, Paul Stenitz—a sort of a Hungarian, or Bulgarian, or foreign fowl o' that sort."

"Subremely Bridish mole!" sighed Hermann.

"Hey? Well, that was the man in charge; and, 'dad, but he was eleven years in the Rivers without furlough—refused to be relieved, and seemed to thrive on it. Digby Farn speaks of him as a ripping agent. Anyway, he saw five assistants under the sod, and—Thorpe's gone Home, as you know."

"Escaped the common fate of the Hun-Bulgarian's assistants?" said the English member of O'Hara's audience.

"'Dad, but it's just that," continued O'Hara with gusto; "just that very thing. And as soon as he'd worried through as far as here, he sent Digby Farn his resignation, an'—and he told me his

yarn about Stenitz. When I'd heard it I trotted round to Digby Farn, an' told 'em to send the boy Home on long furlough. 'Dad, I told 'em he deserved as much from them, resignation or no. So they did that, an' you've heard the boy swear he won't return. An', well, well, I'm thinking maybe after all he's in the right av it; maybe he won't. It reminds me a bit of Mamzelle, an—"

"Oh, go ahead with the yarn, O'Hara," interposed the Englishman.

"Dere is tzoo mooch O'Hara in dese narradive."

"'Dad, isn't it O'Hara that's supposed to be tellin' it?"

"Subbosed to be!"

"Well, as I was saying, Thorpe left here for the Rivers in the old *Bonny*. It's some god-forsaken village called Kassa, between Warri and Benin, where Digby Farn's Rivers branch is, and a steamer's supposed to call there for trade once every three months. The boy had never seen the Oil Rivers before, nor heard much of 'em. I take it he was pretty well soaked in the decomposing mystery av 'em before he reached Kassa. He tossed me a few words about it—the impenetrable walls of mangrove growing in water, oysters on their branches, an' ten feet of skeleton roots exposed at low tide; the ancient silence of decay, and the start ye get when ye shoot a bend an' steam through flower-decked, brilliant open; monkeys swearing at ye in ropes a hundred bodies long, parrakeets shriekin', sun to blister a ship's plates. Then—whist! Ye're round another bend, into the grave, bedad! Eternal night. Mangrove hedges again; feathery funeral plumes almost meeting overhead, black water, alligators nosing wherever a scrap o' silty soil shows.

"But I daresay ye know ut all. Thorpe didn't, ye see; and it bit right into him, before ever the old *Bonny* tied up at the rotting posts sunk there for that purpose at Kassa. It wasn't exactly going ashore, ye know, for the tide was high, an' no more than a spadeful or so of soil could ye see at all. That struck the boy all av a heap at first. A settlement on piles; nothing solid underfoot half yere time, an' a steamer calling for an hour or two once in three or four months yere only diversion. Yet it wasn't exactly the monotony of Kassa that he complained of at the last av it.

"Stenitz was standing there among the piles to welcome me when I landed," said Thorpe to me; 'and ten minutes after, almost before I knew if he was tall or short, we were watching the stern o' the old *Bonny* churning desperately among the mangrove roots, as she worried round an' off back to the Coast.' She'd got through her bit av loading' an' unloading, ye see, while Thorpe was packin' up his duds on board. Stenitz sent word he was seedy, and wouldn't come aboard."

"Be the powers, I'd ha' gone aboard a steamer if I'd a bin dead," says Thorpe, 'after a month at Kassa. But Stenitz, he wasn't built that way. He didn't feel the need of society much, I reckon; wasn't a great lover of his kind—our kind, anyway.'

"I remember," Thorpe said, 'when I did get a look at Stenitz, I pushed my tongue between my teeth exactly as I've always found myself do when anyone has squeaked a knife-blade on a plate in my hearing. It sounds silly, but I'll be hanged if the man's face didn't set my teeth on edge. To meet his eyes was like touching sand-paper, or hearing a slate-pencil grit. A view of his face scraped something in the marrow of my bones. By God, Doctor, it was not a fair thing to send a Christian to live with that face! So I say now. At the time I was infernally ashamed of myself for starting back from the man. Seemed sort o' childish, don't you know. Fellow can't help his looks, I thought. And—here was the extraordinary thing—you couldn't say what was wrong with the face, anyhow. It seemed all right. Nose a bit sharp, nothing out of the way; eyes small and reddish, but nothing startling; the mouth was ugly—kind of receding, somehow; but I've seen worse. Yet the whole thing made me sick; by heavens, it did. Look here! Suppose you saw a horse with a mouth like a dog's mouth. Suppose you saw a cow with fangs like a wolf. Suppose you saw a sheep tearing a dog's body and eating it. It was the unnaturalness of the man's face, somehow—that gravelled me. It didn't seem properly human.'

"Thorpe wasn't very good at explaining; so he gave it up after a bit, and I had to coax him, bedad, before he'd tell me any more at all. Of course, he put aside this matter of looks after a bit—as far as he could, anyhow—and they fell to gossip, the boy and Stenitz."

"The thing of it was the beggar wouldn't sit down," says Thorpe. 'But, while we talked he must prowl up and down and in and out among the chairs, like a cat, till I sweated in my lounge, watching him. And he made no noise when he walked, not a sound. It shook me like a leaf, to watch his feet moving and never hear

[Continued overleaf.]

AN UNCUT TRAGEDY: A ROUGH DIAMOND.



1. TOMKINS WHILES AWAY A FEW SPARE MINUTES BY FLIRTING WITH PROFESSOR CRYSTAL'S HOUSEMAID—
2. HEARS THE APPROACH OF THE DIAMOND-MAKING SCIENTIST, AND TAKES REFUGE IN THE FURNACE OF THE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR.
3. THE PROFESSOR PROCEEDS TO EXPERIMENT, AND LIGHTS A FIRE—
4. THAT NECESSITATES TOMKINS' RETREAT TO THE REFRIGERATOR.
5. THE PROFESSOR FINDS THAT HE HAS DISCOVERED A SECRET OF LIFE—
6. AND TOMKINS THAT HE IS A DIAMOND—MUCH IN THE ROUGH.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDLEY.

them. I knew of nothing against the chap; he had welcomed me kindly enough, I'm sure; but I never disliked any human being in my life so much as I disliked Stenitz the very first night I spent at the factory. Distaste is a better word, perhaps. I hate spiders; but I'd rather have them in my hand than touch Stenitz. Of course, I wanted to kick myself for feeling like that. It seemed so beastly unfair. But that was the way I felt, and I could no more help it than do without breathing.

"Stenitz wasn't much of a hand at conversation, but when I made a remark he would kind of pounce down on it from whatever corner he might be prowling in, snatch it, toss it up, and retrieve me an answer of sorts, like a dog bringing game to your feet. Oh, we made a pretty, sociable couple in the evenings!"

"What are those little white crosses for, Stenitz?" asked Thorpe one evening.

"Stenitz swooped down upon him from the far end of the balcony. 'Those? Why, those are the graves,' says he, quick and low. 'Graves? What graves?' says Thorpe. 'Assistants,' snapped the little Hungarian, and off again on his cat-walk. Thorpe chewed on this cheery item for a few minutes. 'How did they die?' he asked, at last. 'Eh? Oh, they just died, the way men do in the Rivers, you know,' says Stenitz. 'And I hadn't another word from him that night,' Thorpe told me. 'Afterwards I heard that one of these poor devils had died mad, sunstruck or something; and I was busy thinking about him for a day or so. I wondered how he'd got on with Stenitz, evenings, and times like that; how he'd liked Stenitz's cat-walk, and so on. And in the morning I wondered if I wasn't a bit crazy myself. I got into the habit of thinking that in the mornings. Stenitz seemed more like other men then. He was a good worker, and in the sunshine—Well, I don't know how it was; the whole thing seemed more natural and sane and real then. It was at night he bothered me most, particularly when he went fiddling about with his bush-fox, feeding the beast, and talkin' to it, and that.'

"Ye see," said O'Hara, beckoning his boy to refill the glasses, and knocking the ash out of his cutty, "it seems this Stenitz kept a bush-fox in a big, round wire cage at the end of the balcony. You know the brutes, Hermann? No? A kind of a cross between a mongoose and a cat, with a dash of the sucking-pig, and a lot of weasel. Nasty, evil-smelling little beasts they are, packed full of venom, and as ugly as sin, but death on rats and snakes, I believe. But for a pet—'dad, I'd as soon keep a pair of centipedes. Anyway, Stenitz thought otherwise, and he paid a deal of attention to his bush-fox. Eh? No; they're peculiar to this Coast, I fancy, like some other little matters we know of. The one thing in its favour, says Thorpe, was that the beast was mostly asleep, and never seemed to stir by daylight. But it stank horribly at all times. Stenitz called the beast Hölle, which, I believe, is German for hell—isn't it, Hermann? A nice homely name for a pet, anyhow."

"Broceed, Dogdor. I wandoo know about dot Stenitz. I haf somedings like dis gehören in Java, ven I am yoonker man."

"Well," resumed O'Hara, "matters went on cheerily like this for the inside av three months. 'I could eat my breakfast all right, about eleven,' Thorpe said; 'but I couldn't make much of a dinner. As I'm alive, O'Hara, that chap used to prowl round between the courses like an uneasy weasel, and everything on the table seemed to me to taste of the smell of that infernal bush-fox.'

"One night," says Thorpe—"dad, I wonder will the boy ever forget that night!—we came upon a crisis. I'd been up-stream to the village in our boat all the afternoon, and when I got back it was pretty nearly dark. I caught a glimpse of Stenitz on his hands and knees beside Hell's cage. I thought he'd been bathing. He had no shirt on. When I came into the room we used for meals, I found dinner served, but no sign of our old servant, Thachu. There was a dish of palm-oil chop, steaming hot, set down on the corner of the table, as though Thachu had gone off in a hurry for something. But I looked, and found the kitchen empty. I shouted to Stenitz, and sat down.

"Something thumped against the door, and Stenitz came bounding in, bent almost double, and grinning like a fiend. He was stripped to his vest. As I'm alive, he hadn't another thread on him."

"Well, the boy stared at that, you may bet. Mind, he'd been there for three months then. 'Good God, Stenitz!' he shouts. 'Why, man, you're naked!' 'Oh, well, you won't mind that, will you?' squeaks the Hungarian. 'It's such a hot night, isn't it? My word, that smells good!' And he leapt with his feet on a chair and dipped one arm like a ladle into the palm oil chop, plucking out a handful of meat, and gnawing it as he crouched there in his buff."

"Thorpe stood up with his fingers to his nose. 'By God,' he says, 'that confounded Hell's loose. It's in the room. God, what a stench! Stenitz, man, what's wrong with you? Why don't you get some clothes on? Where's that damned fox?'

"And then Stenitz laughed, Thorpe said; his teeth and gums bare as his skinny legs, the grease from a chop-bone thick about his chin, and the stench of that infernal fox strong enough in the room to be cut with a knife. 'That laugh turned my stomach,' said Thorpe. 'My inside seemed to heave at the sound of it. It seemed crazy to argue with a creature who could laugh just like that. I felt sick, anyhow. I just bolted for my bedroom, and slammed the dining-room door after me, to shut out that beastly laugh, and—and the noises Stenitz was making over his bones.'

"There's no doubt the boy must have been mighty badly scared, an' small wonder: for his mind jibbed at touching the essence of

the thing at all. 'I don't know how it was,' he told me; 'but lying there quietly in my room I scarcely gave a thought to Stenitz, but only to the matter of that infernal fox, and the stench of it filling the dining-room. I made up my mind then and there that I'd kill the thing that night and be done with it. I thought I'd wait till all was quiet, and Stenitz asleep, and then throw the fox, cage and all, into the river.'

O'Hara paused. He had that irritating way of choosing stopping-places.

"Dogdor, did he drown dot fox? Dot is a great point. Na!"

"Well, I'm just tellin' ye. The boy rather scrambled over this part in telling me. But I made out that he listened carefully, and between nine and ten heard no sound at all in the house. So, about ten, he crept out in his stocking-soles and reached the balcony by way of a spare room. It was a fine moonlight night, and, not having a knife about him, Thorpe stooped down to untie the lashings of the bush-fox's cage, and he said it took all the strength of mind he could call his own to take him so near the beast. While he was stooping, he heard a faint, soft sound behind him—the merest breath of a suggestion of a sound. But I guess the boy's nerves rang out like harp-strings. He leaped about and to his feet in an instant, all eyes.

"He told me he heard himself scream like a frightened woman. 'Dad, I can believe ut. The moonlight, which doesn't simplify things, showed him the agent, Stenitz, naked as the day he was born, but for a scrap of torn vest about his arm-pits, crouched in the dining-room doorway, like a cat ready for the spring, his jaws bare to the molars, an' a grey line o' froth to each cheek-bone."

"He snarled, he barked, he spat like a lynx, did Mister Stenitz; an' when the growl made words, they were: 'You murderin' beast, you were going to kill me! You thief-swine, you were going to drown—my fox! Grrr!'

"An' with that he came ut me, O'Hara, like an arrow—like a sheaf of 'em. He must have cleared ten feet in his spring. And as we grappled, I felt his ferrety teeth met in a fleshy pinch of my right fore-arm. I was frozen before, but sane, I think. But I could almost believe his teeth let madness into my veins. By God! O'Hara, I came mighty near having murder on my soul; I'd any amount of it in my heart. My two hands met round his thin throat, and we went down. The back of his head took the balcony boards like a dumb-bell. I kneeled up and down his naked body in a frenzy. It was horrible. And he squeaked and snarled and spat under me like a rat in a trap, biting—I've the marks of his teeth in eleven places. As a fight—eh! It didn't belong to our period, O'Hara. It was something pre-human and hideous; and, if I were to die for it to-morrow, I must confess I wanted to kill him with my naked hands."

"That's what the boy said; and, 'dad, but I can believe ut. It seems he finally squirmed Stenitz into the dining-room, ripped the two cloths off the table in a welter of broken crockery and glass, and bound the agent hip and thigh, hand and foot to the table-legs. He said he felt his one chance of escaping murder was to get the man out of his hands."

"Then he stood up, still in a sweat of anger, a sort av ragin' fear, while Stenitz lay gleamin' and quiet. Thorpe went out on to the balcony to finish that fox. He cut the cage adrift, swung it high in the air, and flung it clear into mid-stream. The thing was weighty, and sank like a stone. Thorpe stood looking at the eddy in the moonlight; and all in a moment his fury left him. 'Dad,' says he to himself, 'I must go and look to that poor mad devil of a Stenitz.'

"And just then he gets all curdled over again. But not with anger this time. He says a shriek came out o' that dining-room, an' the sound av it took and sliced the very marrow in his bones."

"I bolted for the dining-table," said he, "and cut the cloth adrift from around Stenitz. And then, he said, Stenitz looked up at him, just as you or I, or any clean man might look, an' gasped:

"'God, Thorpe!' says he. 'You've killed the fox, an' I've got my own soul again!'

"Ah! Dot is so!" exclaimed Hermann, as Dr. O'Hara paused.

"But wait," said the Doctor. "Thorpe carried the Hungarian to his bed, and he died there within five minutes."

"Dot also is so, I knew," puffed the German.

"Dad, you did. But listen. Here's the words Stenitz said before he died, an' Thorpe wrote 'em down next day, to be sure of 'em. He said—

"'I'm sorry I'm going, Thorpe, for I'm myself again now. But maybe the next will be better. I hope so. I died here alone nine years ago, by rights—blackwater fever. The soul of me went into that accursed-bush fox. But there was a muddle somehow. I got back into my own body, and recovered. And there was the fox like a thing asleep; not dead, but yet no life. Then, one evening, I lost myself: my soul was back in the fox, and a fox, or some beast, had possession of my'— He stopped there, and Thorpe thought him dead. But a minute later he sat bolt upright in his bed. 'Good-bye, Thorpe,' he said. 'Pray for me, for a better life! Nine years, Thorpe. By God, I paid the penalty for all that came before. Pleasure—nine years, and no'— And with that he fell back, dead as Noah."

"The steamer called a week later. Thorpe climbed aboard, and refused to leave the vessel. Now he's gone Home."

"So!" said the German, on a long breath. "Dogdor, our freund we shall not again see, we shall not again see—on der Coast."



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

LADY INGESTRE and her sister, Lady Herbert, made two of the most brilliant marriages of their day; for each of them is the wife of the elder son and heir of an Earl. Their weddings took place in the winter of 1904, and were brilliant functions, noted for the beauty and youth of those present, even the ushers being Eton boys; while the radiant Miss Winifred Paget (Lady Ingestre) was followed by a troupe of baby bridesmaids. Like her brother, Lord Anglesey, and her father-in-law, Lord Shrewsbury, Lady Ingestre is very fond of sport, and is a graceful and daring horse-woman. She is a favourite at Court, her father, the late Lord Alexander Paget, having been a great friend of the King.

The Hon. Sylvia Edwardes. It does not often happen that a Maid-of-Honour takes part in a theatrical performance; this, however, is what Miss Sylvia Edwardes

four-and-thirty years of his life in the Dependancy, yet is only fifty-six. He is the stamp of man whom Kipling, when he praises an

Eastern Bengal and Assam, in which he has so long and unostentatiously laboured. Decidedly it is ill-luck that indisposition should now drive him from his home and from the country. But he will go back, once the fever is out of his bones.

Vive Delcassé! Since he made his memorable speech in the Chamber, M. Delcassé is the man of the hour in France. Certainly he will come into office again, when the occasion offers. He is destined to be a great party leader; as well as laying the foundation of a policy which still belongs to France, in spite of disavowals. Like nearly all the prominent politicians in France, Théophile Delcassé was a journalist before politics claimed him. He wrote on foreign matters in the *République Française*. His successor, M. Pichon, is likewise a man of the pen. In the days when M. Clemenceau was struggling with a newspaper called *La Justice*, M. Pichon was his



LADY INGESTRE: HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

Photograph by Thomson.

MAID-OF-HONOUR AND AMATEUR ACTRESS:
THE HON. SYLVIA EDWARDES.

Photograph by Beresford.

is about to do, for she is in the list of those high-born dames and damsels who are to figure in the musical and dramatic entertainment which is to be held at Claridge's Hotel on Feb. 20 in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Miss Edwardes was appointed Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria at the early age of seventeen, and she was one of the four young ladies chosen by Queen Alexandra to fill the same position. She is clever and highly educated, her musical gifts being quite exceptional.

A Kipling Figure. It is downright ill-luck that Sir Lancelot Hare should be the victim of a break-up of health, only eighteen months after his appointment in succession to Sir J. B. Fuller. Here is a man who has passed

Englishman in India, finds it in his heart to applaud. He has toiled and slaved for the mild Hindu; he has roughed it among sturdier subjects, he has borne succour and physical salvation where men, women, and children have been dying like stricken sheep in the great famines. He has fed them, he has helped to administer their affairs; he has played the wakeful watchdog, in control of the police, guarding their homes and persons; he has guided the hand of government as secretary, and at last he has been called to the supreme control of

THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN:
MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

right-hand man, and, of course, when he formed his Ministry he thought of his old colleague for the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, more especially as that colleague had distinguished himself at the siege of Peking.

The New R.A. Mr. George Clausen is a distinguished addition to the roll of Royal Academicians, and his election has aroused much approval in Paris, where his work is greatly admired. Of Danish parentage, Mr. Clausen is by adoption an Englishman, though his art sympathies may be regarded as French, his first great success, "The Girl at the Gate," recalling the best work of Bastien-Lepage. The new R.A. is devoted to the country, and his home is in Essex, but he has also immortalised many village types taken from Hertfordshire and Berkshire.



A CHINESE HOUSE IN SICILY: THE CURIOUS RESIDENCE BUILT BY THE LATE DUKE FERDINAND OF SICILY ON HIS "LA FAVORITA" ESTATE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERBY—BETTING LAWS—SYSTEMS.

EVIDENTLY the bookmakers think that the Derby is a very open race this year. Lesbia, who is engaged in both Derby and Oaks, will, it is understood, be specially prepared for the blue ribbon of the turf. She has wintered satisfactorily and Blackwell can be relied on to bring her fit and well to the post. The King's colt, Perrier, is in active work; he has grown into a taking animal, and is very likely to carry the royal colours to victory. Mr. George Thursby has promised to take the mount on Sir Archibald, who is pleasing Mr. Persse in his work. Many people would like to see Mr. Thursby on the back of the winner, as he met with cruel luck on John o' Gaunt and Picton. I am very glad to hear that Prospector is sound again, and as Sir Charles Nugent has got over his severe attack of influenza, the sporting baronet will no doubt devote a great deal of attention to the work of Mr. Browning's colt. Of Gilpin's slot—French Partridge, Miranda, and Rodney—the first-named is said to be the pea, although it is possible to get 25 to 1 about either just now. The Nut, who is a brother to Lally, is very likely to do well over short cuts, but I am told that the colt does not stay. However, he is in good hands, and if Lewis says he has a chance at Epsom, then The Nut will be bad to beat. Maher will have to ride the better of the Hon. George Lambton's pair, Bonspiel II. and Cocksure II. The last-named is smart. One of the favourites among little punters is Mountain Apple, owned by Mr. James Buchanan and trained by Major Edwards. The son of Persimmon is a bit above the ordinary, and if he has made the average improvement, he should not want for a following on the day. Colonel Hall Walker will rely on Royal Realm, who, it must never be forgotten, was, in the opinion of the Colonel, last year at this time the best two-year-old he possessed. He is a stable companion of Sir Archibald. Of those I have mentioned, I have most faith in Perrier.

It seems to me that, sooner or later, some confusion will arise over betting on the nod. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that A loses money with B in the chief enclosure at one of the local race-meetings. B summons A for the debt in the County Court, and the latter pleads the Gaming Act and thereby gets rid of his liability. Now, suppose after this B brought his debtor before the Committee of the Newmarket Subscription Rooms. Could the latter body post A as a defaulter, and, further, could the Jockey Club warn him off all courses under their jurisdiction? Again, if all this happened, would an action for libel by A lie? In my opinion, it's a pretty kettle of fish all round. Of course, the 'cute bookie would not fly to the County

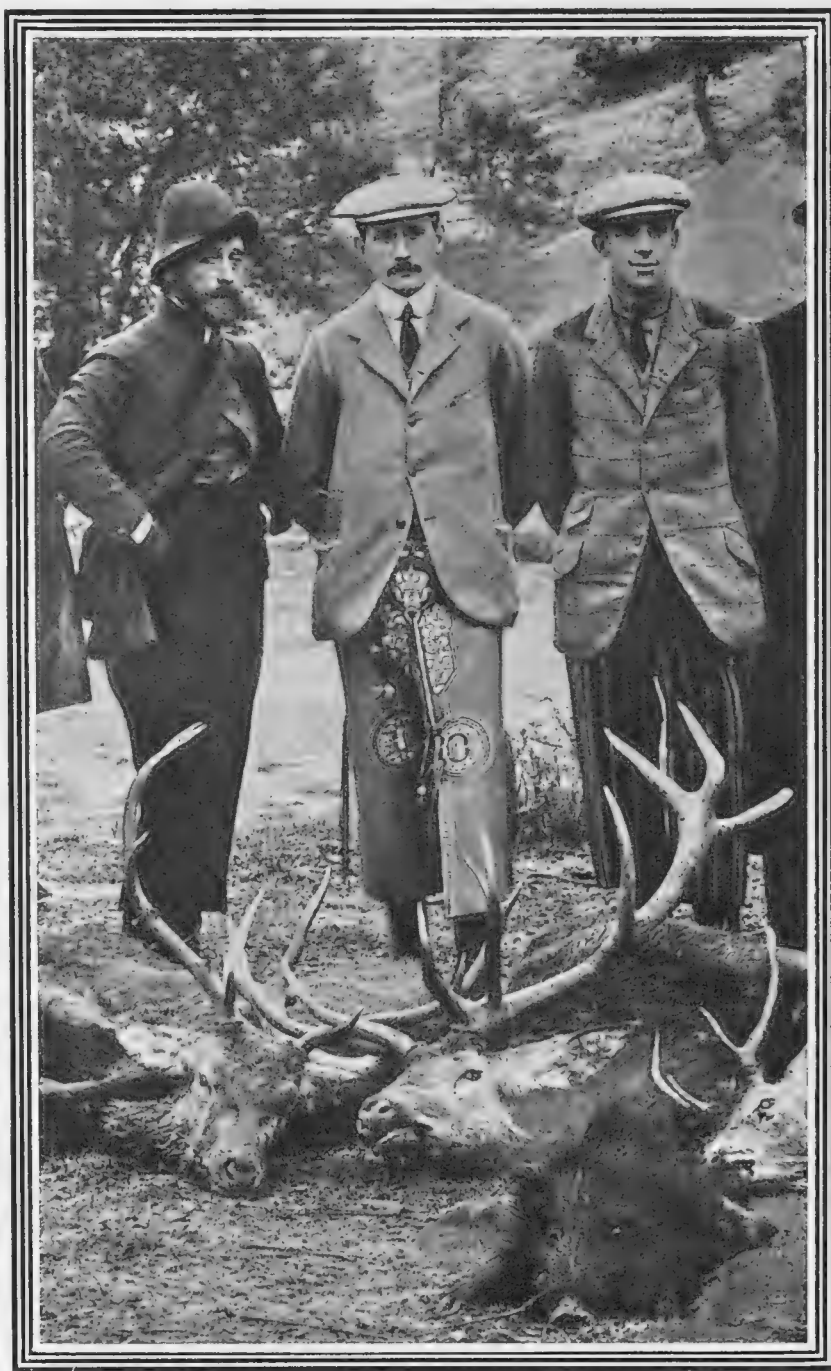
Court at all, but would appeal in the first place to the Newmarket Subscription Rooms Committee or to the Committee of Tattersall's, when the defaulter would have to march if he did not pay up. Truly as Mr. Bumble has said, "the law is a ass." It is laid down that Tattersall's ring is a place where betting may take place, but it is also said in effect that if you bet and lose your money you can get out of paying by pleading the Gaming Act. Surely if it is legal to bet in Tattersall's ring it should be legal for bookmakers and backers to claim their winnings.

One of the big Continental agents tells me that system-mongers are as numerous as ever, and owner's best, trainer's selected, jockey's mounts, first and second favourites, and newspaper naps are the favourite fancies of the so-called talent. I have many times related in these columns how the late Mr. Sam Lewis, the financier, always backed horses carrying penalties in a big handicap, while a big professional backer used to begin to follow my own naps after they had had a long losing run. I may add here that two Peers between them put on £750 per day for some time on my starred selection, and it will come as a surprise to many people to learn that one of the bookies they did business with was Lord — (a courtesy title). For years the second-favourite system held its own against all comers, and bookmakers charged a commission for working it, as they did for a time on Sloan's mounts. But the second-favourite system played itself out in time, and it is not popular just now. A system that stood its ground for years was the one under which it was necessary to back horses off the fourth mark the next time they ran. In time, however, the fourth-markers became so numerous that a system-backer found himself supporting three or four runners in one race, and if one of the bunch won at odds under two to one against, the result was disastrous. I remember the case of a well-known journalist, who

once thought he had discovered "perpetual motion" by backing a certain well-known vaticinator's tips given in a morning paper. The modus operandi was as follows: the first winner given had to bring back £5 profit, together with "exes," when business would cease for the day. The system kept in a fairly healthy condition until a Northampton meeting, when no winner was given during the two days; and to add to the disaster, several double-barrelled tips were given and had to be religiously followed. The result was a broken bank and no more system betting.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



DIVIDED APRONS FOR SPORTSMEN: CURIOUS DRESS WORN DURING A ROYAL HUNTING EXPEDITION IN SPAIN.

In the centre of the photograph is Prince Arthur of Connaught, wearing a divided apron of very elaborate design, evidently one lent to him by the King of Spain, who is content with something less ornate.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



CLUB HILL-CLIMBS NOT PROHIBITED—THE CONTINENTAL TYRE COMPANY'S TOURING BUREAU—DETACHABLE WHEELS BARRED IN THE GRAND PRIX—
AN ANTI-ALIEN ANOMALY—THE CLEANSING OF CRANK-CHAMBERS—THE NEW 10-12-H.P. COVENTRY HUMBER.

FROM a recent pronouncement by the Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club, it would appear that the embargo laid by the Club upon hill-climbs was not intended to apply to club events. At least, that is what the Club secretary has been moved to announce since so many of the provincial clubs evinced leanings

celerity they confer upon tyre-renewal, might give a certain dangerous six-cylinder car something more than a sporting chance. When an international event is promoted on this side, the executive do not essay to raise restrictive chevaux-de-frise against foreign entries, but seek to read them in a fair and impartial spirit. It is a pity our French friends take such a narrow view of their sporting obligations.

Few private owners and fewer chauffeurs give sufficient thought to the periodical cleansing of the crank-chamber of a petrol-motor. The crank-chambers of all modern engines are fitted with drain-plugs, or cocks, and these fittings are not placed there for ornament. They are, of course, intended for use, but how often are they used? As long as oil is being fed to the crank-chamber and smoke issues from time to time with the exhaust, the average motor-car owner is satisfied. He never considers that dust and grit are always obtaining entry to the chamber, and that the ever-present volume of oil is becoming more profusely charged with it every day. Much of this dust is of a silicious nature, and has a very cutting and wearing effect upon the hardest steels. Now, crank-chambers should be drained and flushed out with paraffin quite once in each thousand miles run.

The new 10-12-h.p. Coventry Humber, as recently described and illustrated in the technical journals, should prove a most popular car for the coming season. It is essentially the car for the man of moderate means, as I understand him, for, by the size of the engine and the total weight of the vehicle, the fuel and tyre consumption must alike be light. Throughout the chassis embodies the latest and most approved points of automobile construction. In a moderate-priced car it is most satisfactory to find that the lower half of the crank-chamber can be dropped without disturbing the crank-shaft bearings, to afford facile inspection of these and the big ends. Also, the exhaust-induction and water-piping are kept well up to the top of the cylinders, thus affording very easy access to valve spindles and tappets. The gear-box is kept



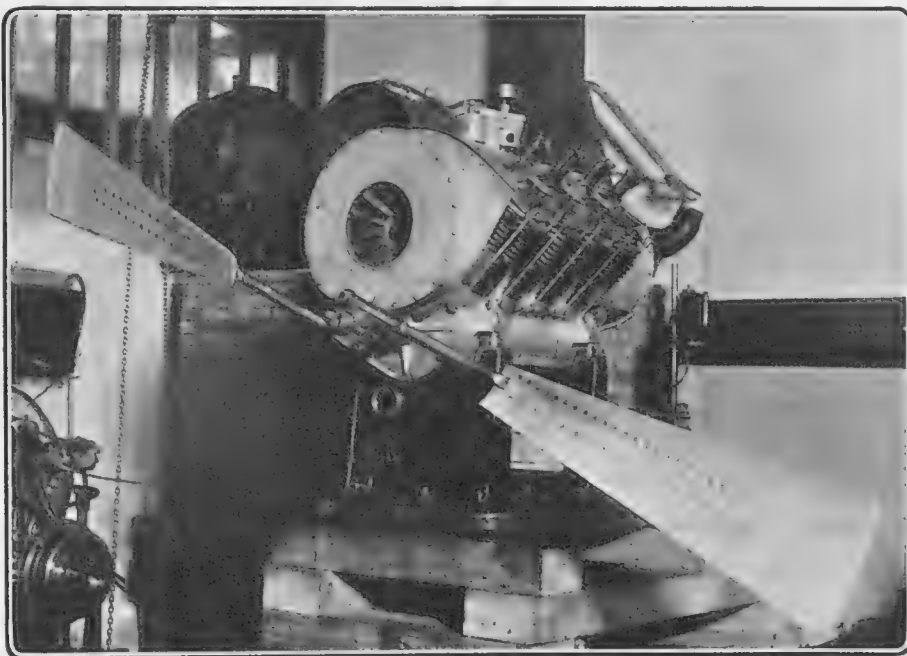
SPEEDY HELP FOR THE WOUNDED: THE NEW DE DIETRICH AMBULANCE-CAR,
AND A RED-CROSS DOG,

Photograph by Branger.

towards the Motor Union and all its works. I think the Club would have been better advised had they addressed the clubs privately in an exhortation to abjure any contemplated hill fixture unless they were assured of the countenance of the local police and the favour of the inhabitants. The sudden promulgation of this forbidding ukase set all the sporting clubs by the ears, for it is only in a very few instances that local objection has been shown towards properly conducted hill-climbs.

By application to the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, E.C., intending motor-voyageurs may have good tyres and good touring information at one and the same time. This progressive company have opened a Touring Information Department, for the purpose of affording motor tourists the fullest possible information with regard to motor journeys on the Continent, particularly in France and Germany. That most excellent and complete work, which the writer in particular has found of the greatest use in France—to wit, "The Continental French Guide-Book"—is published by this house at two shillings. The firm also issue a specially prepared German map and atlas at three shillings, in which all distances are given in kilometres.

Our good friends across the Channel, when promoting what they fain would have regarded as all-round sporting events, cannot refrain from hedging the same about with all manner of restrictions and provisions which somehow or other, and of course quite unintentionally, seldom favour the alien. Now, with regard to the Grand Prix—in which, since its inception, following the wiping out of the Gordon-Bennett, they have always arranged the pull to be altogether in their favour—the committee of the A.C.F. continue to permit detachable rims, but are dead set against detachable wheels. Obviously this is a captious distinction, insisted upon only for the reason that detachable wheels are an English notion, and, by reason of the

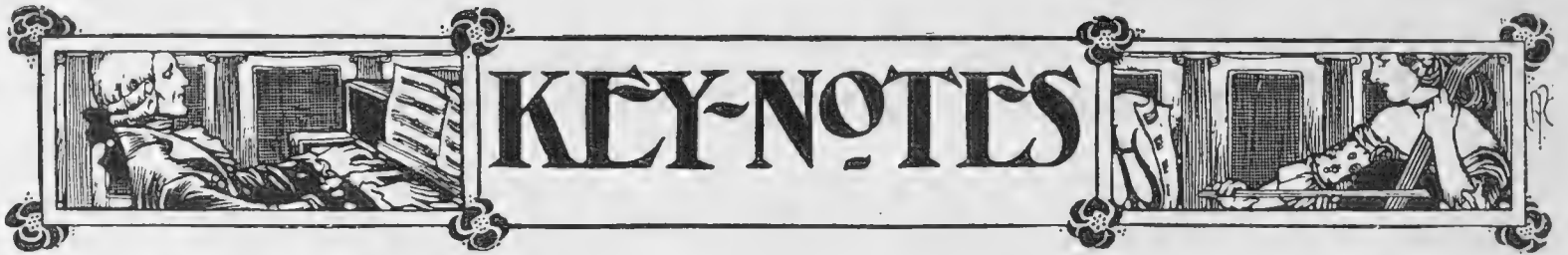


THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTOR IN MR. FARMAN'S AEROPLANE: THE NEW RENAULT ENGINE.

When next he makes an attempt to fly his aeroplane, Mr. Farman will probably test a new engine—the Renault illustrated, which is less weighty than the engine previously used.

Photograph by Branger.

short, and all three shafts run in large ball-bearings. The propeller-shaft has a universal joint forward and a sliding-box coupling at its rearward end. The back axle is finely executed, and the steering-wheels are smartly inset. A really admirable and remarkably cheap car.



THE famous "Ring" cycle has survived translation, and appealed to the Metropolis so strongly in its new dress that Covent Garden was almost as crowded to hear the ripe production of Wagner's genius as it was when Tetrassini sang the faded florid music of Donizetti and the early Verdi. The audience

has recognised the debt it owes to Dr. Richter in generous fashion; and on the opening night the veteran conductor only put an end to the ovation for which his appearance was the signal by starting the National Anthem. Of his conducting it is unnecessary to say anything at this time of day. If there is any point that calls for mention, without dealing with the work of the man who probably knows Wagner's score more intimately than any of his contemporaries, we would refer to the fine judgment and delicacy with which he has subdued his orchestra to the needs of the singers' voices. Nobody has realised more clearly that the singers need encouragement and assistance.

We must not forget that this short season, in spite of the enthusiasm it has aroused and the success it has achieved, is very largely experimental. The singers have been recruited for the most part from the concert platform. As far as gesture and deportment are concerned they are in some cases the veriest amateurs, and there are those among them who have yet to find their vocal range in Covent Garden. Some can be heard to great advantage half-way through the house, and are almost inaudible at the far ends. Mr. Meux, who sang the Alberich music when the "Rhinegold" was given on Monday night, was almost inaudible at the back of the stalls, but by the time "Siegfried" was played had taken the measure of the house; while Mr. Hedmond, who was the Loge, and whose singing left a good deal to be desired, sent his voice right through the house without any effort. There were several singers about whom the most varying opinions were expressed as people were leaving the Opera House. Those who had been close to the stage declared they had never heard Wagner's music so well sung; those who were at the back of the house were heard to say that certain singers might have sung beautifully, but they could not hear whether they sang in German or English, because they would not let themselves go. Doubtless there

are some faults of inexperience, but it is better for a singer to experiment and find his range by degrees than to sacrifice tone to volume.

Mr. Clarence Whitehill's Wotan has been so splendidly presented vocally and in action that it has well-nigh dwarfed the work of many of his competent fellow-artists. His conception of the part is distinguished, his voice is rich and pure, he knows how to act and how to move about the stage as Wotan should move.

Hans Bechstein's Mime is familiar to opera-goers, and is in many ways a fascinating performance; his mastery over the English version deserves praise. A very great success was achieved by Mr. Walter

Hyde, who sang the Siegmund music in the "Valkyrie." The great duet with Sieglinde (Miss Agnes Nicholls) at the end of the first act was sung as well as we have ever heard it, and doubtless Covent Garden will keep a watchful eye upon the new tenor.

It was only when the stage held several principals that the slightly amateurish aspect of the performance from the dramatic point of view became rather painfully apparent. Then we saw gods and goddesses

standing flat-footed and rigid, not quite certain about what they would do next or how they would do it, not quite sure why nature had given them arms and hands. While realising that even gods and goddesses have their troubles and limitations, we remember that Mr. Tree's academy lately decided to abolish the classes for gesture and deportment on the ground that the subjects are not of sufficient importance! If opera in English is to succeed—and the public seems disposed to give it every chance of success—people must be taught that the singer's education is incomplete while it is limited strictly to the utterance of musical notes and phrases in time and tune. Of course, one would not minimise the charm of Wagner's music sung by voices that are fresh, pure, and carefully trained. There have been nights at the Opera when the vocalisation of passages that have so often been merely declaimed by German singers came with the sense of a fresh revelation, and it is certain that many people will say that they have heard the beauty of much of Wagner's "Ring" music sung for the first time.

COMMON CHORD.

THE "RING" IN ENGLISH
AT COVENT GARDEN:
SOME OF THE
PRINCIPAL SINGERS.



MR. CLARENCE WHITEHILL.



MISS BORGHILD BRYHN.



MR. PETER CORNELIUS.



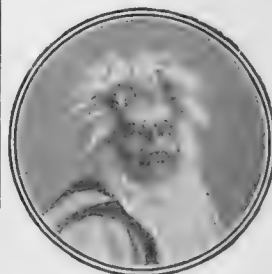
Photo. Window and Groer.
MR. THOMAS MEUX.



Photo. E. W. Evans.
MR. WALTER HYDE.



MISS AGNES NICHOLLS.



MR. HANS BECHSTEIN.



Photo. Ellis and Walery.
MRS. EDNA THORNTON.



MR. E. C. HEDMOND.



Photo. Russell, Baker Street.
MR. CHARLES KNOWLES.



Photo. Ellis and Walery.
MISS MAUD SANTLEY.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Surprises of Paris.

One amuses oneself in the most unlikely places in Paris, and to touch the beating heart of the great capital the visitor must flee from the quarter of the Champs Elysées and most of its radiating avenues and boulevards, which are nowadays given over largely to Americans, Peruvians, and other foreigners. Thus, if you wish to hear first-rate orchestral music, you hasten (by many conveyances) to the Boulevard Sebastopol and listen, to the accompaniment of bocks of beer and cigarettes, in a queer-looking hall hung with Impressionist pictures, to the *Maitre Touche*, who appears to conduct with one hand while he plays the 'cello with the other. Again, the most amusing *révue* of the winter is one given in a grubby-looking concert-hall on the festive heights of Montmartre, where Russian Grand Dukes, sirens in satin hats, workmen in blue blouses, and sinister Apaches are all to be seen among the packed audience. Likewise, an amazingly witty and cynical play by M. Sacha Guitry, son of the famous actor, is being admirably given at the *Fantaisies Parisiennes*, the price of the stalls amounting to the large sum of two francs. There are no surprises of this sort in London, where we must take our pleasures sadly and pompously, in full evening dress, and always in the same rigidly prescribed places.

Shocking!

I fancy that the Parisienne is a person whom it is almost impossible to shock. Words and gestures on the stage which would make a British dragoon blush crimson leave her perfectly cool and calm. Next to her comes (*O tempora! O mores!*) the young American woman, who will listen with an amused smile to things which would make her excellent mother's hair stand on end. At a large theatre party the other night, in which the ingredients were extraordinarily cosmopolitan, it was not uninteresting to observe the attitude of the ladies. An incident occurred in the play which made one of us thank her stars that we still possess a Censor. The person who was most indignant was a young and clever Australian. Next to her in disgust was the humble Londoner who writes these lines. A witty Welshwoman professed to be scandalised, but wasn't. A blonde beauty from Berlin shrugged her shoulders, and took it all in the day's march; an American was mildly amused, and the Parisian laughed outright. These facts, however, prove nothing at all, because modesty is notoriously an affair of climate, education, environment, the *Zeitgeist*, and a few other things which we are apt to forget when we hastily clap an epithet to an alien race and think we have ticketed them neatly for all time.

Queens in Exile.

The French have a neat phrase for the woman who, growing old, throws off, with the follies of middle age, all pretensions to toilette, charm, or good looks. They say, in a word, that she has abdicated.

But when the Parisian Queen abdicates, she does it in no half-hearted manner. Her dowdiness is a thing to make elegant elderly American women stand aghast. The British matron of mature years is a dangerous siren compared with her French prototype. From being a plump, silver-voiced seductress, she changes to an unwieldy mass of flesh, with a baritone voice, a small

bonnet twinkling with jet, placed far back on her parted and scraped hair, and with black clothes of nameless fashion and depressing dinginess. This elderly Frenchwoman may be a Dowager Duchess from the Faubourg or the cherished spouse of your grocer—the type is the same. The fact is that the French are an eminently practical, not to say material race, and the Frenchwoman is the very embodiment of these national idiosyncrasies. "What is the use," they would argue, "of running up bills for dresses and what not when there is no chance of any longer pleasing? Why not enjoy the pleasures of the table—even if your waist assumes alarming proportions—when they are the only pleasures left? Why try to speak in dulcet tones when, as everybody knows, it is the grandmother who has always the final word in the French family, and whatever the timbre of her voice, her family will be sure to listen to it? This frank acceptance of old age and all that it implies is not without its advantages, and, at any rate, you are spared in Parisian Society the spectacle that is too familiar in other lands of rouged haridans crowned with pink roses, and of grandmothers still dancing in spangled tulle.

Jeames in France.

I never come to Paris without being amused afresh at the attitude of the servants. For the French cook, maid, or butler is not only a human being, instead of a decorous and silent automaton, like the English domestic, but weeps when you weep, smiles when you are merry, and, in short, takes a genuine interest in your affairs. Even the most pompous *maitre d'hôtel* will crack his little joke with you. I wonder if there is any authentic record of a joke perpetrated by a British butler? I do not mean that servants under the Third Republic treat you with the mixed familiarity and condescension which you will meet with from their prototypes in a larger republic across the Atlantic, but, at any rate,

Jeames in Paris is a genial and affable person, while the maid who waits on you will tell you of all her *affaires de cœur* for tuppence, and your cook will feel hurt if you do not discuss with her the gossip of the day. No words can convey the attitude of mingled respect, gallantry, and bewilderment of the house-porter of the first ladies' club ever opened on the banks of the Seine. The comings and goings of *ces dames*, it is obvious, fill him with amazement, almost with incredulity; but never for a single moment does he let them perceive that he is astonished at the freedom of Anglo-Saxon *mœurs*.



(Copyright.)

AN EMPIRE GOWN IN THE NEW SOFT WHITE SATIN-DE-CHINE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE mourning into which the Court has been thrown by the terrible assassination of King Carlos I. and of the Crown Prince of Portugal necessarily robs Society of several important functions. Their Majesties' Official and Diplomatic Court, which was to have been held at Buckingham Palace on Thursday next, has been cancelled, and the Court itself went into mourning for four weeks from Monday last. The change to half-mourning will be made on the 17th, and on the 2nd of March the Court goes out of mourning. It is understood, also, that their Majesties have decided to cancel the royal visits to Norway and Sweden, as both feel that they ought to be in England, not only during the period of mourning, but so long as there is any danger of international complications, however slight those complications may be.

There have been some great doings, including a fine State ceremony. I went into the Mall, and was rewarded by a good view of the loveliest Queen in the world, wearing her small diamond crown and a regal ermine cape—I could see no more—and bowing right and left with that gentle dignity which makes her recognition of the people's acclamation so memorable. The Queen wore a black dress—she being one of those fortunate ladies whom black suits in a remarkable way. It was black, scintillating with brilliant jewellery, and superb diamonds were worn. Out in the Mall I saw many well-known people walking about on the outskirts of the crowd. A Peeress, who might have had her seat in the House of Lords, was trying to obtain a penny chair to stand on inside the rails of the Green Park, and so see over the heads of the crowd. The thing was beyond her, however, and she, with two men escorts, had to see what they could from the level of the Mall.

A wonderful assemblage was that in the dome-roofed ball-room of Lansdowne House last week. The dark-blue ribbon of the Garter was seen on the host, Lord Lansdowne, on the Dukes of Norfolk, Northumberland, Abercorn, Marlborough, and Portland, the Marquess of Londonderry, and Earl Roberts. Lord Curzon was going away as the reception guests were arriving. The Dukes of Somerset and Wellington were present, also Lord Dudley, Lord Essex, Lord Wolverton, Lord Middleton, Mr. Austen Chamberlain—on all sides distinguished men, Lord Cromer wearing the ribbon of the Bath, Lord Balfour of Burleigh that of the Thistle, and Lord Kilmorey, and Lord Iveagh the light-blue ribbon of St. Patrick.

The ladies were, of course, by far the more conspicuous, for it was a tiara night. Lady Lansdowne wore black silk with lovely lace. In her hair was a very high diamond ornament with diamond combs at the back. Several rows of large pearls were worn, and diamond roses on the corsage, as well as badges of Orders, to three of which Lady Lansdowne belongs, and the Jubilee and Coronation medals. Lady Dudley looked splendid in white and silver, wearing a deep diamond dog-collar and a diamond crown. I think Mrs. Chamberlain's entry was the most sensational. Everyone wanted to speak to her, and hear from her how her distinguished husband

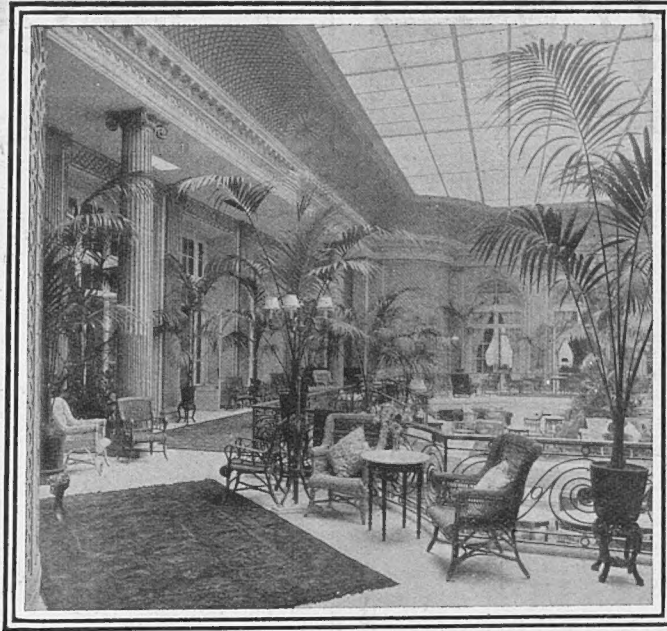
was. Happily, she was able to speak optimistically, and she looked very bright and cheery in pale blue, and wearing lovely diamonds. Mrs. Austen Chamberlain wore a very handsome pale-pink velvet dress. Lochiel brought Lady Hermione Cameron and Lady Helen Graham. The Duchess of Wellington looked stately and picturesque in bright sapphire-blue velvet with hanging draperies of blue gauze; she had a deep crown of diamonds on her head, and lovely ornaments to correspond. The Duchess of Somerset struck a note of bright colour in rose-red brocade. Lady Cromer, in bright sapphire-blue satin, looked splendid; Lord Northcliffe brought Lady Northcliffe; Lady Essex, Lady Wolverton, and Mrs. Fritz Ponsonby were much admired. Lady Eileen Wellesley, Lady Jean Cochrane, and Miss Cicely Horner were among the handsome girls.

Many sales are over by this time, and shop-windows, if not so beguiling, are more enticing, which is a distinction with a difference that women will appreciate. Strolling in Regent Street and Bond Street is quite a pleasant pastime on our happily bright days. I heard two girls, with their eyes devouring the lovely ornaments in the Parisian Diamond Company's windows, settling what they wished the fiancé of one and the undeclared admirer of the other would respectively give them. I must say they credited those young men with generous minds. There was

hardly an ornament left that they had not fixed upon, and duplicates were required of several.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of an Empire gown in the new soft white satin-de-chine, with embroideries in silver, white silk, and cord. The lines in front are almost classical, while the Empire character is cleverly preserved.

Mme. Maria Gay authorises us to state that the news of her engagement and impending marriage to Signor Zenatello is false, indeed, nothing but an American newspaper invention.



LONDON'S NEW GREAT HOTEL: PART OF THE WINTER GARDEN
AT THE WALDORF.
(See Paragraph Below)



A FINE SHERATON SIDEBOARD, AT MESSRS. THORNTON SMITH'S, 11 AND 13, SOHO SQUARE, OXFORD STREET, W.

The knife-boxes disappear into the body of the sideboard, and are concealed by a flap. They rise automatically on a spring being touched.

London's new great hotel, the Waldorf, was opened the other day, and is likely to become and remain one of the sights of London. Its position, between the Gaiety, the Aldwych, and the Waldorf Theatres, is excellent, and nothing likely to attract visitors has been left undone. Amongst the notable features of the building is the immense palm-court of which we give an illustration. In the basement, approached by the restaurant, there is a fine grill-room, and close to this is a classical Masonic temple. The execution of the decorative work was entrusted to the famous firm of Waring and Gillow, of Oxford Street, who supplied also the furniture and fittings.

It should be noted that the great white sale which commences at Peter Robinson's,

Oxford Street, on Monday, Feb. 10, will continue for twelve days only, and that therefore there is little time to waste if the bargain-hunter is to secure all she desires. The merit of the firm's white sale has long since been recognised, and there is no need to say more of it now than that it offers wonderful opportunities to the economical, and that a fine illustrated catalogue can be obtained from the firm.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 11.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"DO they ever deal in Consols after hours?" Our Stroller asked his broker, as they stood in Throgmorton Street after the close of the House.

"Only on Budget nights, in the ordinary way," the broker answered. "But if this activity in the gilt-edged rubbish goes on, I suppose we shall have a street market in Consols next door to the Yankee Market."

"What about Consols?" The Stroller demanded.

"Going much better eventually," was the stout reply.

"To go? Or par, eh?"

"Oh, let's be a bit modest in our prophecies, even if we're not in our requirements," and the broker laughed. "I should say 90, before the end of June, would be a fair guess."

"What is the cheapest absolutely Trust stock in the market?"

"Cape 3½ per cent. scrip. Absolutely. At 1 premium it pays you nearly 3½ per cent. on the money, and is bound to go better."

Our Stroller made a note of it in his pocket-book.

"So is the India 3½ scrip," observed another member, who had walked up. "In fact, of the two I would rather hold the India. It's dirt cheap, considering the security. I was just going to buy—"

He was whirled off by a very much overdressed, jaunty-looking person, who wore his top-hat rather on one side and smelt of patchouli.

"That's the biggest liar in the Street, out and out. Nobody can touch him at it," commented the broker. "And yet he finds men who will do his business, though he browbeats them over commission, and for ever grumbles at the prices they deal at."

The two men had drifted down the street until they were level with the New Court door of the Stock Exchange.

"Who are these?" asked Our Stroller, nodding at the group of men, evidently jobbers, close by.

"That's the Rio Tinto lot," responded the broker. "Let's see what they think of 'em."

He addressed a question to one of the dealers who had come forward. The latter shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm told by very good authority that America means to put copper a good deal lower," he affirmed. "And if so, well, of course, it will be a bad thing for us poor bulls of Tintos."

The broker looked him full in the face, and, very deliberately, he allowed one eyelid to hide its particular optic. Whereat the jobber smiled, and said it was really no use trying to deceive a man, etc., etc. It's a way some jobbers have.

So you may guess the broker told our friend, as they walked away, that they are bearish about copper in there.

"Then of Yankees, too, I take it?"

"I suppose that follows. New York isn't a bit what you might call comfortable in her financial ways, you know. But speculation in Yankees is dying out."

"Another bear point?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. Come in here and have some tea."

The place hummed with conversation: it seemed positively to buzz, and the atmosphere was dense as a suffragette's sense of humour.

"There's no keep-up in Home Rails. They've to go lower yet—"

"They say the Waihi news was known at least a day before the share—"

"After this bear-squeeze in Trunks, they'll have Mexicans up next. You mark my—"

"Three hundred thousand pounds, I'm told, they cleared out of the autumn slump in Americans. Not so bad for a bucket-shop—what?"

"Russians are cheaper than Japs. Why, even in the event of—"

"Thanks. Not quite all the so—"

"I've signed every petition they've asked me to. For and against shunting, double commission, or anything else. It's the only way, my dear Sir. You make so many enemies if you don't accom—"

Thus and thus came snatches of talk to Our Stroller. His broker had stopped to confer with a fellow. Now he was free.

"Not bad tobacco, but wickedly dear," he told the girl, as he took a couple of Upmanns, and handed her three sixpences. "Come on."

The pair sat down at a table where the other four seats were occupied.

The others, all known to the broker, were talking-over Kaffirs.

"Nur n'atomm. They're abzerlootly done, I tell ye," and the speaker brought down his fist with a bang upon the table. The crockery lodged loudly indignant protests at the disturbance.

"There's the Randfontein million," and a speaker ticked them off on his fingers, "there's the postponement of the Premier dividend, there's the Chartered meeting with its plain hint of more capital being wanted, there's the—"

"Yes, and there'll be the devil to pay if you're fool enough to buy Kaffir shares," added another.

"But the dividends—"

"Dividends be—"

Perhaps it was well that at this point a man rushed in, pale with agitation, to say there was a rumour that the Stock Exchange was on fire! Everyone dashed out in gleeful anticipation, only to find the news was nothing but a canard.

"I thought it was too good to be true," said a jobber dejectedly.

CHARTERED RUMOURS.

The Chartered Company's meeting exactly corresponded with our forecast; yet while the speeches reached a high level, and there was considerable patriotic enthusiasm, when people came away, many had undoubtedly great misgivings as to how the inevitable money could be raised.

Although no figures were stated, it was practically admitted at Salisbury and other places, by the directors who visited Rhodesia, that the deficiency on the Railway guarantees is not less at present than £300,000 a year, and it is impossible to see how less than an extra million can be of any use. There are only two alternatives—one, to face the Railway Debenture-holders, make a clean breast of the state of affairs, and ask for a suspension of the payment of interest or a reduction of the guarantee by one-half for a short period; the other, to raise the necessary money and to pay.

We confess we thought after the meeting that the prospects of raising the money were not encouraging, and that the suspension of interest would have to be faced; but in the last day or two a rumour has gained considerable credence which very much alters the position.

It is very generally whispered and believed that Mr. Hawkesley is about to retire from the great legal firm of which he is a partner to assume the Chairmanship of the Chartered Company, and some observations made by him at the recent meeting do seem to give colour to the rumour; in addition to which, we know that on more than one occasion upon which Mr. Hawkesley has had an opportunity of repudiating the suggestion he has not done so. If, for once, rumour should be speaking the truth—as we think possible—half the difficulties would be overcome.

Mr. Hawkesley is a man of brains and enterprise, he is *persona grata* to the present Government; he has the money-bags of the late Mr. Rhodes and the late Mr. Beit at his beck and call, while his influence in the City is such that if he assumes the chair the additional capital will be found, we doubt not; in which case Chartered are probably a good speculation whatever the end of the enterprise may be, for we believe the election of Mr. Hawkesley to the chair would do more than anything else to re-establish confidence.

Saturday, Feb. 1, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A. S. B.—Your letters were answered on the 27th and 31st of last month.

SMALL INVESTOR.—The bulk of the mining shares which sell at rubbish prices fetch more than they are worth. Try (1) Gwalia Consolidated; (2) Chillagoe; (3) Esperanza; (4) Tomboy.

L. E. W.—Your *nom-de-guerre* makes the answer too self-evident. Have no dealings with the Syndicate, who will charge you 25 per cent. above the market price.

J. E. P.—The price of copper is the only difference since "Q" recommended the shares. The mine is good enough, but since then the Copper market has dropped from £100 to £60 a ton, which makes a big difference.

BRITON.—The shares are a good solid investment. We prefer the Ordinary at present price. The latest dividends have been 20, 22, and 23 per cent.

A REGULAR READER.—You had better hold on.

R. I. M.—(1) The Company is doing magnificently, but how long will the craze last? If you will take big interest and big risks, hold; otherwise, sell. (2) Can give no opinion. (3) Doing well.

We are asked to state that the new plant of the Mexican National Packing Company at Uruapan has been formally opened by Vice-President Corral on behalf of the Government of Mexico. The inauguration was attended by a large gathering, including other State Governors and many of the most prominent Mexican officials. Vice-President Corral, in the course of his remarks at the ceremony, stated that this should be the commencement of a new era in regard to Mexican food-supplies, and of advantage to the whole country, which was in a most prosperous condition.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LIMITED.—Dividend warrants in payment of the half-yearly dividend on the 6 per cent. Preference shares for the half year ended Jan. 31, 1908 were posted to the Preference shareholders of this Company on Jan. 31.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I like these for Gatwick: Burstow Steeplechase, Matchboard; Horleyland Hurdle, Honore; Tantivy Steeplechase, On Guard; Stayers' Steeplechase, Bush Rose; Wickham Hurdle, Mistake II.; Maiden Hurdle, Candahar; Coulsdon Hurdle, Gala; International Hurdle, Amersham; Brook Hurdle, Boniface; Hopeful Steeplechase, Lesseps; Stewards' Steeplechase, Snuff. At Sandown the following may go close: Mole Steeplechase, Time Test; Sandown Grand Prize, Amersham; Ripley Steeplechase, Jackanapes; Burwood Steeplechase, Cackler; February Hurdle, Zana; Village Hurdle, Smoker II.; Metropolitan Hurdle, Yashmak; Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, Baeldi; Cardinal's Hurdle, Jack; Woking Hurdle, Oakbank; Farnham Steeplechase, Cynique. At Manchester, Honore may win the County Hurdle and Calcot the Salford Steeplechase.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Home of the Diplomats.

Very few people know the St. James's Club, in Piccadilly, and those who do, regard it as an ordinary social institution of the quiet, jog-trot variety. To the few, however, it is recognised as the home of the diplomatic circle in London, and, as such, as one of the most unique Clubs in the world. It numbers rather over five hundred members, nearly all of whom have made some sort of a name in the world of diplomacy. Here foregather day after day representatives of nearly every Embassy in London, until at times the smoking-room—a rather small but luxuriously furnished apartment—becomes like the Tower of Babel, with its confusion of tongues. As a rule, it is difficult for visitors to gain admission to this Club, since strangers are looked upon as more or less of a nuisance, and, as such, apt to check the free exchange of ideas and opinions. It has been said that the Club, during the last half-century, has done more to ensure the peace of Europe than anything else in the world. The Club, by the way, celebrated the jubilee of its opening last year. One of the few members not connected with diplomacy is the recently elected Bishop of Chichester, who is often to be seen there. From time to time proposals have been brought forward for enlarging the membership of the Club and taking bigger premises; but these have never materialised.

Marthe Brandès.

One of the widest read of French novelists is Paul Bourget. What he does not understand about the complicated feminine heart is not to be understood. Once upon a time his novels were rather *risqué*, but he has abandoned that style, and there is a serious note now in all his studies. He has written a famous book describing a young woman who, separated from her first husband by the law, finds herself separated from her second by her principles. She believes in the Church, whilst her husband No. 2 is a priest-hater. It is a situation that often arises in modern France; hence it is not surprising that a play made out of the book, and called, like it, "Un Divorce," is attracting all Paris to the Vaudeville at this moment. A quarter of the world goes because Paul Bourget has been dramatised, the other three parts to hear Mlle. Marthe Brandès in the rôle of the heroine. She is a real Paris favourite who has returned to the footlights after two years' retirement. People are convinced there is a love-story behind that abstention from an art that is so captivating to those who pursue it with success, as she has done. Perhaps there is, but Marthe has not said a word—of course.

One Bite at a Cherry.

The terrific scene in the Dublin High Court between Lord O'Brien, the Irish Lord Chief Justice, and the Irish Attorney-General may be described as one bite at a cherry, because his Lordship described Mr. Attorney as the "titular head of a great profession," which Mr. Cherry declared to be an insult. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cherry's position as lawyer stands so high that he could well afford to have ignored the matter. Not only is he one of the most distinguished of living graduates of Trinity College, Dublin—the great foundation of which Lord O'Brien is Visitor—but he was actually Professor of Law there for five years; and his book on the growth of criminal law is so famous that only last year he received a charming compliment when the Professor of Criminal Law in St. Petersburg University, who was on a visit to this country, presented Mr. Cherry with a copy of the work, which he had translated into Russian for the use of his students.

Another Lying Clock.

Sir Hiram Maxim, who is sixty-seven to-day, is a paradox. Physically and mentally he is not a day more than five-and-forty, but the sound of many guns has made him as deaf as Wellington, and he carries the glorious frosted mane of a Rip Van Winkle, serving the better to set off those blazing coals which look out from his handsome, genial face. A knowing sort is Sir Hiram, and nothing does he know better than the infamy of lying clocks and watches, more especially of watches which smash and promise to grow together again. Up to all the conjuring tricks, he knows how Robert Houdin blew the Pope's watch to atoms, and how one of the Cardinals a moment later found apparently the same watch, tied by a bow of silk to a rose-bush. It was the duplicate watch which had been shattered. So, when a great man in legerdemain asked Sir Hiram for *his* watch to smash, right cheerfully he assented. The smashing of the watch was a brilliant success, but then came Nemesis: not all the Wise Men of the East, not all the unwise of the West, could set that watch together again. No more Sir Hiram consorts with conjurers when wearing a favourite timepiece.

Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, of Port Sunlight, England, have been appointed by special warrant soapmakers to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey. This important testimony to the excellence of Sunlight Soap, and of the materials used in its manufacture, sets thereon the royal seal of absolute purity, the Sultan of Turkey being the recognised head of the Mohammedan faith, the tenets of which, in respect to the quality of the material and purity of manufacture, are particularly rigorous.

PLANTOL SOAP

represents a new feature in the art of soap making. It is made from fruit and vegetable oils, and contains no animal fat. Alone, these oils are soothing and emollient. When delicately blended and manufactured into Plantol Soap they act as a balm to the skin.

A TOILET TREASURE.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

